TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

To many minds it is unimportant when the Ottawa legislators work, the days they rest seeming to be a holiday from taxation, but it cannot pass before the eyes of Canada without remark that a day set apart for celebrating Confederation is made of less importance than the dates fixed upon by French-Canadians to celebrate the birth or death of saints who came no one knows whence and went no one knows whither. Probably these sacred personages are in heaven. If so, no amount of celebration that we may do will make them happier or result in their promotion to what the French-Canadian thinks the most beatific condition, that of the department of Railways and Canals. If St. Peter and St. Paul were the apostles of that same name we have reason to revere them, but nowhere in Holy Writ is it said that we are to either worship them or keep sacred the days on which they were born or on which they may have died. The Lord's Day was instituted as a memorial, a monument of the weeks, to last till times is no more, and any infringement upon its exclusive right to regard is robbing the Saviour of what is His. Worship of saints is not only of human origin but it is of pagan motive, and we may be Christians and neither recognize nor encourage it. As to the dates fixed by the Church as their natal or fatal day, Rome has no more exact knowledge of them than can be found in Ayer's Almanac.

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Our Dominion Parliament is altogether too liberal in its bowing down to whatever confounded image Jean Baptiste sets up. If the time of our legislators is worth anything let them use it to the advantage of those who pay them. There is no argument for observing a saint's holiday except that advanced by Quebec. No other province ceases its labors because a saint was born or has died. I express nothing, perhaps, but my own opinion, but I am eternally sick of doing any share of prostration, mental, physical or political, before the bones of some unknown saint every once in a while, or, when reading the newspapers of being forced to take a day off when I find Parliament has been called into the graveyard of the calendar. Of course I am not wasting my time directly, but I am watching affairs and I want a conclusion of some sort. I certainly do not want to see, metaphorically speaking, the legislators of Canada go out and weep over the grave of a saint who was probably never interred there, and who was possibly of little good to mankind when he was alive. What we—speaking as one of the taxpayers of this country—expect is to see our members of Parliament get down to business and not take every other day off ostensibly to hang around the grave of a saint. I do not know how the rest of Canada feels but I do not care how many saints the French-Canadians have had or have. They have not had saints enough to make them either clean politicians or patriotic citizens, and any time our members of Parliament spend in rooting around under the grass for canonized *habitants*, to my mind is wasted and the whole business cannot be stopped too soon. They are not there to loaf around on saints' days; they are down there to attend to our business, and I imagine that if they quit this queer work and told some of the greasy-haired Jean Baptistes to go and take a bath, there would be less of public money spent, both directly and indirectly, than now is being squandered on keeping some very unimportant people quiet. If, of course, it is the main object of Confederation to spend fifteen days per session in squatting around the shrine of French-Canadian saints, let us understand it. If our legislators must bow down as a matter of right, then the people must bow down. Whatever idols our Ephraim erects must be for the whole people, not for the leaders only. If they be not for the whole people they are for nobody, and as I consider they are for nobody, I consequently enter my protest. I believe in God and Christ, but I do not believe in the French-Canadian saints, and I do not propose, either personally or by proxy, to rub my nose in the dirt before them. I consider it an insult for the members of Parliament from Ontario, or those who happen to represent enlightened opinion, to go about Ottawa making signs before a lot of dead fur traders or anybody else except the Almighty, and calling it a religious holiday.

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I for one am not prepared to subscribe my very unimportant name to the list of politicians and writers who desire at every cost to conciliate French Canada, but as I watch the development of everlasting evidence that clericalism and politics united produce a state of corruption which cannot be tolerated, I am more and more prepared to shoulder a shot gun rather than to lie down before a lot of one-horse corruptionists who are all wind and no courage. We have had too much of it. If we cannot govern these self-seeking disturbers we can coerce them. As I have said a dozen times in these columns the Ottawa river is our Mason and Dixon's line. They are politically rotten to the core. Each leading family evolves a notary, a cure and a politician. These are the ones who say what the people shall do. We may nestle to our hearts Langevine who are loyal to a premier, but I cannot see that even personal attachment is sufficient to make us forgive the crookedness of a great department prostituted to create unity, nor can it appear to me proper that a Chapleau, with his schemes for self-aggrandizement, must exist in order that Canadian Confederation may not become a forgotten name. If we cannot live without the continuance of these interminable intrigues, why certainly let us die. It is better to maintain an honest name than to live a dishonored life. I only wish that I were in a position to reiterate these opinions day by day instead of announcing them in what the politicians may consider an obscure weekly, yet which I am thankful to say reaches once a week as many people as the most favored daily. I am sure, too, that all Toronto approves of the course of its three representatives in fighting for the observance of Dominion Day, even if they did not make any open struggle against adjournment on saints' days.

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When I say these things I do not speak for a party; I speak only for those English-speaking and English-feeling men and women who have no confidence in a party headed by Monsieur Laurier and "Count" Mercier, who seem to be willing by their intrigues with one another to upset even those flimsy safeguards erected for the protection of the undeclared rights of a majority.

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Force is a dangerous weapon, yet when a country arrives at that period when nothing is sacred but saints' days, when no man is patriotic save when he is effecting a compromise with those who give nothing in return, I for one am an advocate of making home happy even if we have to do it with a club. When our Dominion anniversary is in dispute, when the saints' days of these disturbers are admittedly the first mortgage upon public time, I would settle it somehow, and the somehow would not be in the direction of ignoring the birthday of the Dominion in order to observe a fast. Sir John A. Macdonald had a great share in creating the Dominion. Why should we mourn over his grave and yet heap obloquy upon his achievements? These French-Canadian fellows are trying to carry it too far. It is probably outside the jurisdiction of those who endeavor to speak for their parties, but it is certainly within the province of a newspaper which politically voices nothing but the opinion of one man—an opinion which may or may not be jointly held by the majority of Ontarians—but it seems to me that no matter what reciprocity, or free trade, or high tariff, or anything else may bring forth, these fellows have got to be brought down to hard pan. Hard pan with them must mean that the people of this country do not recognize Quebec as the proper authority to canonize saints, to fix our saints' days, to ignore the birth of the country, the achievement of the greatest of our citizens or the ambition of the purest and best of those who hope to make Canada something better than the hassock on which a few devotees shall kneel. I like Roman Catholicism well enough, and believe that doctrinally, aside from its belief that it should control the government, it is as well founded as any other religious creed, but I do not believe that it should either control the government or force the government to buy provinces or organized fragments of provinces that it may dominate the country. We have conceded enough to French Canada in permitting it to retain its laws and religion, not that we have aught to do with the religion of the individual, but that we have no reason to suffer from the religion of a section of the community. If they want to run their little show by itself let them so declare their intention, and within forty-eight hours it will be demonstrated that they cannot secede any more than the Southern states were permitted to secede. Slavery of the mind is as great a sin against liberty as slavery of the body, and those who do with all their might believe in freedom to-day are as distinctly prepared to assert that freedom as was John Brown or Abraham Lincoln in the days which have not so long gone by.

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That the Liberal party is encouraging this spirit and endeavoring to unite Irish and French Roman Catholicism is a disgrace to George Brown and the spirits which led from the Egypt of past darkness the little band of Reformers which first made a fight. We are willing to renew old compromises, but not to make new ones; we are willing to continue the liberties which have been conceded by patriots who had hoped to build a nation out of sectarians, but God prevent us from making new concessions to those who possess more than they deserve, or adding to the priestcraft of a country which is already overridden by those who pretend to hold within their hand the spiritual safety of voters who need no intercession between the kingdoms of time and eternity save that of the Redeemer.

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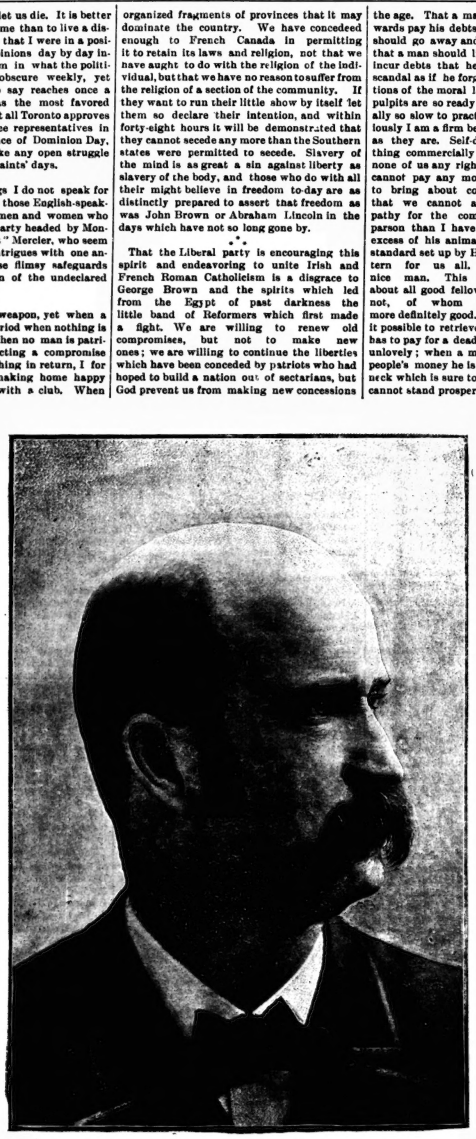
The Rev. Leroy Hooker, for the past three years in charge of the Metropolitan church, has gone hence somewhat in debt and without adding anything to the ecclesiastical honors won by saying good things up to which he appears to have been unable to live. I should not hint for a moment that there was anything behind the nonpayment of debts, yet in the commercial world there is nothing more serious than this, particularly when a man's income has been sufficient to satisfy the requirements of anything but extraordinary demands. The man who pays his debts may be commercially respected even though he does nothing else. The man who does not pay his debts cannot be respected no matter what else he does. How or where Bro. Hooker spent his money is probably nobody's business. That he did not live up to his commercial obligations is everybody's business, for everybody is called upon more or less to have commercial faith in his fellow man. In clerical circles it seems to be more of a minor matter when a clergyman fails to settle with his creditors than when he takes a glass of beer, but if the church does not teach absolute and prompt commercial honesty it fails to fulfill one of the chief moral missions of the age. That a man may go away and afterwards pay his debts is better than that a man should go away and never pay his debts, but that a man should live beyond his income and incur debts that he cannot pay is as great a scandal as if he forgot some of the other sections of the moral law which all occupants of pulpits are so ready to teach and are occasionally so slow to practice. Politically and religiously I am a firm believer in looking at things as they are. Self-denial is as important a thing commercially as physically. We have none of us any right to incur debts that we cannot pay any more than we have a right to bring about consequences of any sort that we cannot avert. I have less sympathy for the commercially "unfortunate" parson than I have for the man who in the excess of his animalism falls away below the standard set up by Him who should be a pattern for us all. Bro. Hooker was a nice man. This may be what we say about all good fellows, whether preachers or not, of whom we can say nothing more definitely good. I hope that he may find it possible to retrieve himself. When a man has to pay for a dead horse he finds life very unlovely; when a man begins to spend other people's money he is tying a string about his neck which is sure to tighten. The man who cannot stand prosperity, will be but a poor candidate for adversity. If when the gods are good to us we are unmindful of others, when they are cruel, others will be apt to be unmindful of us.



Gov. D. B. Hill, a Democratic Presidential Possibility.

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"Licking the editor" has for a long time been one of those things which are supposed to add lustre to a man's name, while at the same time wiping out any stigma which may have been attached to said name by what the editor has written. A local attempt to do this sort of thing encourages me to write a few paragraphs concerning the editor and the man who in his mind, or in a more material way, proceeds to castigate the obnoxious person who has something to do with a newspaper.

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The editor is a man, or at least is supposed to be a man, though unfortunately he may be a woman or a thing, and he dwells, if we may rely upon the data of the obscure persons who desire to surround themselves with a mysterious haze, in a "sanctum." This word "sanctum" is peculiar to the columns of an amateur newspaper; it is used in order to deter farm hands, corner groceymen and tin peddlers from ruthlessly invading the countenance of the rural scribe by means of an unwashed fist. Both in country and city places the "sanctum" is an overdone subject; the halo of mystery has been removed so frequently that even the farmer in the most remotely removed concession of Tamarac township, whose name has been ruthlessly used as an attendant at a barn raising to which he did not lend his countenance, no longer believes that when he climbs the stairs a great effulgence of light may strike him blind as he opens the editorial door. The presence of the editor or proprietor while personally soliciting the payment of last year's subscription either in vegetables or cord wood, has assisted in removing any unearthly glamor from the editorial presence. Yet still there lingers about the person who writes "we" in a country weekly or impersonally presumes to be the entire earth in a city daily, an occult something which leads weak-minded persons to believe that if they can whip the editor they have slain a dragon and will be handed down to posterity as a person of extraordinary courage, of valor unsurpassed since Saladin with his scimitar smote the leaders of the Christian host. For the benefit of numerous people who are otherwise well informed, I desire to remove all legendary mystery from the grotto of the editorial giant in order that respectable men may not engage in such silly combats as the one by which Don Quixote and the wind mills made themselves famous.

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The mystery which has been so deftly hung as a screen before the editorial door I can assure you, dear gentlemen, is a fraud. In country places where the school teacher recently placed in an editorial position wields the pen, the "sanctum sanctorum" is the favorite expression. It seems to allude to an inner holy of holies, a place where great thoughts are to be generated amidst solitude and supernatural influences. The man who takes objection to what has been said, arms himself with a club or a pair of brawny fists, and after nights of dreadful thought and days of sweaty torture determines that he will lick that man even though he has to go through the shadow of the valley of Jehoshaphat to do it. He pictures the editor with an enormously bulging brow, leaning over sheets of foolscap and gallons of ink. He proposes to go in and "do" him; he learns a formula with which it is his intention to announce himself. In his mind he says, "Did you wrote that article? I am the man you writ it about. I have come to lick you. Prepare to receive my vengeance."

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Then the editorial person is supposed to rise up, place his neck in the brawny hand of his antagonist, submit his person to the kicks and knocks of the valorous crusader who has dared to pass the mysterious portal. Said valorous crusader then proceeds home to the most remote concession of Tamarac township, and is forever afterwards esteemed as highly as Jack the Giant Killer.

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What are the facts? The person with a grudge and a bad temper climbs up a little, narrow, dirty stairway, wading through a litter of old newspapers some of which are covered with gobs of printer's ink. He arrives at the alleged "sanctum sanctorum," an uncurtained niche separated by nothing but a pile of dirt from the room where a couple of brawny tramp printers and three or four apprentices are at work. He announces his determination to break the nose and otherwise spill the blood of the person "who writ that about him." Before he can begin operations he is seized by the tramp printers, who have fought in every known language and in nearly every known country, banged all to pieces and thrown out of a window. This is what the "sanctum sanctorum" business amounts to.

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In city offices it is a little different. A man comes in with a bloodshot eye and is asked what he wants. As a rule the editor has a private room and he happens to be king of that small apartment. The sense of proprietorship and the abated courage of the man who wants to "lick" him together make him feel quite equal to the occasion. The visitor stigmatizes the paper as one unfit to enter the family circle. The editor tells him he doesn't know a family circle from a hog pen. The visitor indignantly requests to have his name removed from the subscription list, bows himself out and the row is all over, for there are policemen at the foot of the elevator and plenty of handy men who could thump the indignant subscriber to a peak if he persisted in being impertinent. This is about the size of the dreadful inroads made upon the editor's room. Occasionally a man comes in who is determined to have a fight; occasionally too, there is an editor who is handy at that sort of thing; once in a while in far removed and heated climates revolvers or shot guns are brought into requisition, but I have yet to hear when within the walls of the printing house the man in charge has failed to take his own part, and consequently I am of the opinion that people who desire to quarrel with an editor had better seek him when he is outside of his lair.

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Yet even on the public highway I cannot see why answer to an editorial argument should be made with a rawhide, a shot gun or a pair of fists. Of course there are times when a man's private character or a woman's reputation are wantonly assailed, when nothing but a gun or a pair of hard and handy fists can punish the miscreant who has said in a few lines what a lifetime of penitence, prayer and good behavior cannot erase. In such cases I should not say, nor were it my funeral would I swear that I would not practice such a radical method, but in those things which are within the legitimate range of newspaper criticism a man is a double-dyed jassack who starts in on the warpath proposing to whip somebody because somebody has said that he was not square, or that some deal in which he had been concerned was not honestly carried out. To this extent I

think Alderman Farquhar was unwise, and to the extent of hitting a man on the back of the head I think he was not only ungentlemanly but not brave. As to being accompanied by a man with rotten eggs to throw at the youthful editor of the *Telegram*, he was simply dirty. The man with eggs did not likely happen to be there by accident, and it is useless to explain that there was no connection between the scrap and the eggs. To a certain extent I think the *Telegram* has been unduly severe upon Alderman Farquhar, but after his exhibition of himself I am not quite sure whether they may not have sized him up rightly. That he can't fight has been clearly shown; that Jack Robinson of the *Telegram* is not much of a fighter also goes without saying or he would have put marks on the Mr. Man who tackled him, when he had him down, of which he would not have got cured in quite a spell. I do not belong to the section of the editorial profession which likes to see other editors or reporters whipped. I cannot fight worth a cent myself; I do not know in a crisis whether I would even be willing to try. I have never yet had a man insist on forcing me to a conclusion upon this point, but I admire the pluck of the young fellow who writes editorial paragraphs for the *Telegram* insomuch as after two had tackled him he waited till he got Alderman Farquhar alone and insisted on trying it over again. He may be all wrong in his conclusions but with regard to fighting it out by himself instead of going to the police or asking his ma to help him, he was entirely right and I for one admire his grit. If he intends to follow the same style of writing as that in which he is indulging at the present, he should go round to Joe Popp and get some lessons in boxing so that he can attend to his part of the performance when these fellows want to thump him. But for a man who can't fight and apparently never has done any of it, he did his duty manfully and I will back our own crowd against all the aldermen and officials and other fellows who are apt to get hurt by honest newspaper work, that when there is a good wholesome trouble the newspaper fellows, while ignorant of Queensbury rules, will always be moved by the impulse which made them write and make a good fight for that which they think is right. "Licking the editor" is like hunting for rose' eggs and becoming famous by shooting men in the south—it is an unprofitable amusement.

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Our Mr. Coatsworth, M.P., has earned the thanks of Toronto by beginning to agitate for a ship canal to bring ocean vessels to the wharves of Toronto. It is by no means a visionary scheme; in fact it is one much more easily handled than prohibition, and more likely to benefit the country. I hope he will stick to it. Even if he does not get further than an estimate of the cost this session, it will be something. Wouldn't it be a good scheme to insist on the Dominion re-imbursing Ontario for the bonuses granted by municipalities and the province to railways since declared "to be of Dominion utility," by building this ship canal? It would benefit our province from one end to the other and at the same time be of vast use to the whole Dominion. The ships of the Maritime provinces could come up with their coal and fish and receive return cargoes of wheat and flour, and thus establish a trade. It is a large subject. Justice is on our side, and Mr. Coatsworth has a chance to distinguish himself in our behalf.

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So Lady Macdonald is to be raised to the peerage and made Countess of Earnscliffe or something of that sort. No Canadian who has observed the strong will and unusual ability of this eminent woman, will for a moment feel like denying the justice of whatever decree makes her still more conspicuous for her greatness. Out of the abundance of the affection we feel for the memory of Sir John, comes too, an impulse towards making his widow the embodiment of those virtues we so much admired in the dead premier. No one conversant with the great events of our history since Lady Macdonald became the wife of Sir John, can fail to have heard, even if they have not directly known, of the great and almost governing influence this distinguished woman had upon the life of our greatest tribune. The result of all this is that Canadians love Lady Macdonald almost as well as they did Sir John, and for this reason I imagine that it will be with very mixed feelings that the news of her new name will be received throughout this Dominion. To me it is something like a woman marrying again and dropping the name of a distinguished man for the unknown title of a new husband. In this country the name of Sir John A. Macdonald is the greatest name we have, and it seems to me good enough for his widow. I do not believe that I shall be the only one to whom this feeling will come. It may be mere provincialism exhibiting itself as petty pique because there are honors, or alleged honors, which Canada cannot confer! Even if this be the basis of such a sentiment as suggests this article, is it not natural and within the realm of proper Canadian pride?

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Let us for a moment look at the whole question of Imperial decorations as it comes home to us in this matter of the heart. Often enough we have observed the decoration of prominent persons with no thought as to the propriety of such a proceeding unless it may have been caused by the absurdity of calling the new knight anything but a vulgar impostor. Occasionally the mark of distinction, if knighthood be such, seemed timely, but never did a truely self-respecting citizen of Canada observe this manner of marking greatness without the disturbing thought that we were going abroad to have our game chickens turned into peacocks and announcing ourselves unable to confer appropriate honors upon our own people. If we have no means of sufficiently showing our appreciation of our great men, we are unlikely either to evolve or retain amongst us anyone deserving the name. If there always must be a supreme court outside of Canada to which appeal is necessary before epaulettes and honors are conferred, the secondary and insignificant position of Canada will be humiliating and disheartening to her sons. For this reason I am strongly in favor of a Dominion Statute forbidding the official use in this country of any title not conferred by our parliament or by right of the tenure of an office established by their authority.

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In the instance which reopens this old subject, every man, woman and child in the Dominion respects Lady Macdonald, and without exception recognizes her late husband as the most distinguished man evolved by our time and country. That she is being unduly honored is not our complaint; but that after we have done everything we can to uplift him during his lifetime and to honor him since his death, the Imperial authorities as if deriding our feeble attempts to recognize his genius and worth step in and attempt to add to the lustre of a name loved in our households, by changing that of his widow to something unfamiliar to our ears and strange to our hearts.

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I may be very far wrong but I think it a great mistake that the new name has been offered, and it will be a greater one if it is accepted. I am an Imperial Federationist on principle and believe such proper readjustment of the colonies within the Empire could be effected as would hold them closer than now to the Mother land while adding greatly to their prosperity. This can only be done by such a reciprocal trade policy as shall give the colonies some decided advantage over outsiders. It certainly cannot be accomplished by the creation of a set of tawdry titles, the ambition to obtain which is possible, if not likely, to cause our public men to forgot their constituents while racing for faded laurels we cannot confer and which as a people we may not respect. I am not afraid under Imperial Federation that we shall be either unduly taxed or slightingly listened to, but I do fear for public standards if Canadians cannot confer final honors even upon their beloved dead. It is bad enough in effect to taunt a country with its impotence to give a man a great and honored name, but it is worse still when those practically outside the realm of thought and action which has been the arena of a life struggle, say to us that even with Imperial assistance we have not succeeded in giving our premier a sufficiently distinguished or decoratively great name for his widow to wear. I hope I have fyled my protest in mild and inoffensive terms, but it offends me to see a mock aristocracy established in Canada. The genuine stock in Great Britain is not a popular or savory set, but ours is ——. Well let "Count" Mercier, or some one who wears an imitation of the imitation rise and explain! It should be stopped. Human nature is weak and is apt to accept a prize in a gum chewing contest as equal in honor to a university medal. Wives before now have persuaded Canadians to accept knighthood for social reasons, while the men have been almost ashamed to wear the prefix. Perhaps if Her Majesty the Queen were to nominate me Viscount Saturday Night or Lord Saturday Morning, I might accept, and even tack the title on and wear it till I was laughed out of the town. I have done so many foolish things that I am afraid of myself, yet there should be no chance of otherwise sound-minded citizens being led astray by these queer stripes on their name. Worse still is the adulation and sycophancy developed in those who hopeless of even a title from the King of Hawaii, doat on the unworthy possessors of meaningless decorations and degenerate our people by affording them an example of tuft-hunting and title worship. Is it not time that we quit going to Rome and London for our holidays and titles?

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When two weeks ago I took the liberty of urging that the by-law be carried granting the three hundred thousand dollars necessary to preserve our water front, a good deal of opposition was anticipated. The by-law is being submitted just after the first call for taxes, and the Toronto taxpayer was never in a worse humor than he is at present when twenty-five per cent. of the rental value of house and store property is being demanded by our none too frugal rulers for carrying on the municipal government. However, it seems so self-evident to every reasonable man that this money must be voted for the Esplanade, that no newspaper has ventured to oppose it, and the Board of Trade and all leading citizens have individually and as corporations joined in an effort to carry it. What must be remembered is that the Citizens' Association, the Trades and Labor Council and the Board of Trade have been working hard for over two years to secure as favorable terms as we have received. If the by-law is defeated all this work will go for nothing and the city may be sure that the thirty or forty men who, without pay or any public recognition, have been working hard and have spent months of valuable time to protect Toronto's interest in this matter, will not do so again. For this reason, if for no other, now is an opportune moment to bring these long and irritating conferences to an end. The $300,000 will not make Toronto any poorer, for in this instance, if never in any other, we are getting the worth of our money in real estate, and our civic assets instead of being diminished will be made more valuable. It would be an act of inexcusable folly for an angry ratepayer to vent his wrath on the present administration by seeking to defeat this by-law. Though we cannot be boastful over the terms the railroads have given us, inasmuch as we have only been able to keep a part of what is our own, yet it is so much better than nothing, which is our customary share in a deal of this sort, that we should seize upon it while it is within reach. By all means let the by-law be carried. Public apathy, the failure of the property owners to go out and vote, is all that is to be dreaded. No other newspaper in the city has proportionately used as much editorial space in discussing the Esplanade problem as has been filled with this topic in SATURDAY NIGHT. I am thankful that there is to be no more of it. Every body is tired of hearing the sound of it, or of seeing the word "Esplanade" in print. If the by-law is defeated nobody is going to stir out of his tracks to fight for it any more and the railroads will get what they choose to take. Let every citizen then make it his business to turn out on the sixteenth to secure that big plot of ground between York and Yonge streets, which will make a magnificent water side park and still leave leaseholds to be disposed of which will pay the interest on the investment. The passage of this by-law, too, will secure us a new union station which will be a credit to the city. Surely there will be no organized opposition.

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In answer to an enquirer, I can say that at the end of every season there is a complete and careful audit of the money received and expended by the managers of the Fresh Air Fund. It is printed and can be had by anyone addressing Mr. J. J. Kelso, the secretary. Following are this week's subscriptions:

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| Previously acknowledged | $12 50 |
| Machinist | 1 00 |
| A. E. W. | 10 00 |
| Undecided bet. | 5 00 |
| Total | $28 50 |

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## Social and Personal.

A large number of Toronto cyclists went by boat and train to the wheelmen's meet in Hamilton, on Tuesday and Wednesday. The weather which at first seemed determinately sulky, turned out as perfect as though specially chosen for the occasion, a fair sky, no dust, and a cool fresh breeze making the cyclists' paradise complete. The Torontos, reinforced by our lady cyclists, won the prize for numbers by a very small majority. All sorts of funny and original antics were indulged in by the visiting clubs. The Owls of St. Catharines had their wheels adorned with large pictures of their patron bird. The Kingston Club formed in line and marched across the grounds in that peculiar indivisibility, which is known down there as the "lock step." The Athenæum Club, with a membership of eleven, showed ten members present, and won the prize for largest percentage of members, though one solitary representative of the extinct Rotas (the only member left of that lively club) was on hand. The visitors were treated with charming courtesy and kindness. Street cars drew up to let them pass, they had the freedom of the sidewalk, to the serious detriment of several baby carriages—and as I overheard one delighted lady remark fervently: "After this I shall never say one word against Hamilton." After the unmerciful beating the Argonauts gave them, the Hamiltonians turned the other cheek to the cyclists to be smitten, with the very essence of good nature and heartiness.

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The Island Amateur Aquatic Association has organized for the season. The President Mr. Henry Wade and Vice-Presidents Mr. J. P. Murray and Norman McCrea, have for committee and assistants the following able holiday makers: H. G. Muntz, A. L. Branchard, Judge McDougall, Frank Rolph, L. H. Moffat, J. Boyd, Rev. Prof. Symonds, F. A. Rolph and J. Thompson. The Association has secured commodious rooms at Center Island which will be comfortably fitted up, and where weekly hops, concerts, etc., will take place. The sports will be held on August 15 and promise to be unusually attractive, as the resident members are full of enthusiasm.

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Dr. Kertland has returned from Europe.

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Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Davies are away in England.

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The Misses Clarke, Ellis and McLean-Howard have gone to the Falls for a short time.

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The Argonauts, their mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts, had a delightful visit in Hamilton.

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Mrs. Stovel, Mrs. Denison and Miss Davies went to Hamilton for Dominion Day. These three lady cyclists thoroughly enjoyed their trip and rides about the highways and byways of the Ambitious City.

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Miss Jardine Thomson has returned to Toronto from Boston where she has been running a course of lessons in vocal music from the best masters.

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Mr. and Mrs. Kertland and family have gone to the Island for the summer.

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Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Denison and Mr. L. Stewart are summering on the Island.

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Mr. and Mrs. James Boyd and family are at Center Island.

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Mr. and Mrs. Ireland of Lakeview avenue have taken one of Clarkson's cottages on the Island.

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A large party of Toronto ladies accompanied the Argonauts to Hamilton by special cars at one o'clock last Saturday and witnessed the triumph of the Toronto aquatic athletes. Amongst them I noticed Mrs. Kertland, Mrs. J. Boyd, Mrs W. Ince, Mrs. Arthur Denison, the Misses Richardson, Parsons, O'Brien, McDonald, McLean-Howard, Fraser, Sewel, etc. Luncheon from Webb's was served on the cars, and a delightful time enjoyed. The party returned about eleven o'clock.

•

The cricket club At Home, last Saturday, at Upper Canada College, was most enjoyable. The match resulted in a large sized victory for the home team. A reception was held by Principal and Mrs. Dickson and the boys, in the rooms and garden of the principal, and dancing was indulged in by many of the guests. The cool, shady garden and strawberries and ices were very pleasant after the hot afternoon. I heard a good many gentle regrets that this would be the last season of these happy reunions on the old grounds.

•

A few of the well known guests were: Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Hoskin, Mrs. and Miss Boultbee, Mrs. Cawthra Murray, Miss Crowther, Mrs. and Miss Skae, Mr. and Mrs. Farrar, Miss Hoskin, Mr. and Miss Banting, the Misses Heward, Mrs., Miss and Miss Madge King-Dodds, Mr. and Mrs. Hirschfelder, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Miss Chadwick, Mrs. A. E. Denison, Mrs. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Miss Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Ireland, Mrs. Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, the Misses Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Garrard Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Hart, the Misses Scott, Miss Ince, Miss Milligan, Messrs. W. Mulock, Armstrong, Hay, E. Clare, Ross, Percy Manning, S. Jarvis, Beatty, Oswald, McMurray, George Hart, W. T. Boyd, G. Minty and others.

•

A pretty June wedding took place in Hastings last week, when Mr. H. W. Fowlds of that place was married to Miss Attilia Electra Campbell, daughter of Rev. A. R. Campbell. The bride looked charming in an exquisite gown of brocaded India silk, *en train*, flounced with lace looped up in the present fashion with knots of ribbon. Her flowers were roses and carnations, and a bridal veil completely enveloped her *petite* form. Miss Louise Fowlds acted as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids, who were attired in white India silk, were the Misses B. Campbell of Greenbara, Albany, B. Rouse of Buffalo, Agnes Anderson and Lizzie Fowlds of Hastings. After the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the parsonage where a reception was held.

•

Mrs. Thomas Alison and family, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brimer and Mrs. and Miss Leslie have gone to Muskoka for the summer.

•

Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy sailed for England last week. Mrs. Fitzgibbon and Miss McCarthy spend the summer at Tolendal on the south shore of Kempendfeldt Bay, near Barrie.

•

Messrs. R. U. McPherson of McPherson and Campbell, Mr. R. A. Grant of Kerr, Macdonald and Co., sailed for Europe per Allan Line Circassian on July 1.

•

A very pleasant tennis match was played on July 1, between the Barrie club and the Victorias, at the grounds of the latter. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the first sets were played under cover, but in the afternoon the lawn was in very good condition, and some skilful playing was done and deserved well the repeated applause from the many interested spectators. The fair sex was very well represented, considering the uncertain weather. It will not be necessary to take up space by giving the score, as it has already appeared in the papers. Those representing the Barrie club were Messrs. W. A. Chopin, R. C. Gillett, L. G. McCarthy, Ford, A. Giles and A. Dyment. The Victorias were Messrs. Mathews, Swabee, Griffin, Noxon, Prinzle, Dr. Sprague and Dr. Peiler. Among those present were Mrs. Morgan and the Misses Morgan, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. Alf. Jones, the Misses Seymour, Mr. Walker, Mr. Wilson, the Misses Morphy, Mr. W. Hart, Miss Strickland, Mr. S. Morrison, Mr. H. and Miss O'Brien, Miss B. and Miss T. Mason, Mr. Bert Walsh, Miss Broughall, Miss Major of Barrie, Mr. Ab. Arnold.

•

Mr. J. P. Clark and family who have been residing at Washington, D.C., the past year, will spend July and August at Bass Island, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, and then remove to Toronto and reside at 258 Sherbourne street.

•

A charming evening was spent at the residence of Mr. Edward Gurney last Tuesday by a few friends Mrs. Gurney had bidden in honor of her guest, Miss Goodell, of Boston.

•

Miss Alice Hamilton of Port Credit has been visiting Miss Harte of Harbord street.

•

Miss Osborne of Sutton has been visiting friends in Toronto.

•

Miss Violet Major of Barrie is visiting in the city and has been the guest of Mrs. Broughall.

•

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Orrin of the City of Mexico are in the city visiting friends.

•

The following are amongst those registered at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire: Mr. J. T. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Hart and family, Mr. J. S. Wylie, Mr. W. M. Hall, Mr. H. H. Henshaw, Mr. D. A. Starr, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Rose, Mr. W. B. Chapman, Mr. A. Brock Buchanan, Mr. Alexander Buchanan, Chas. Garth, F. S. Lyman, Miss Dorothy Lyman, F. Stephens, Mr. and Miss J. E. Logan, R. Campbell Nelles, T. Howard, J. S. Allan, D. McIntyre of Montreal, G. Benghem, Geneva, Europe, John Morrow of Toronto, Mr and Mrs. E P. Keene, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Farwell of Sherbrooke, Mr. and Miss MacFarlane of Stratford, Mrs. MacFarlane of Waterloo, Mr. W. L. Foley and family of Houston, Texas.

•

The Misses Kingsmill of Yorkville avenue move this week to their house at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

•

Mrs. J. O. Heward of the Pines, Bloor street, and the Misses Heward leave this week and will stay at D'Oyle's Hotel, Niagara, for the summer.

•

Niagara is reported to be rapidly assuming a gay aspect, and many of the cottages and hotels are full. The Chautauqua Hotel will try and rival the ever popular Queen's Royal, in giving two hops weekly. A large party of Toronto men are going over on Saturday for the annual Fourth of July hop, which from the number of

*(Continued on page Eleven.)*


JACKSON'S POINT
LAKE SIMCOE

This favorite resort is being made more attractive than ever. The hotel has been refitted, the grounds have been laid out anew, six new cottages are ready to be let, lots can be had for a trifle, a planing mill is on the ground, and material for building can be had for half of city prices.

Steamer Frederick connects with Barrie, Orillia, Bradford and Beaverton. Direct train connection via Midland Railway to Jackson's Point twice daily. Summer tickets for fifty miles at commuted rates.

App'y for terms, etc., W. S. RAMSAY, Sutton West.

HOT WEATHER DISHES

is a book designed to help housekeepers keep cool in hot weather. You need not fret or worry about the table. Everything is all planned out for you. Here is an attractive array of pleasant, delightful, wholesome things, ready for serving up. Of course you must do the cooking. But that's a small item when the book tells how. Follow directions and you'll come out all right. Seventy-five cents in cloth. Send money to us and we will pay the postage.

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Society Stationers King Street East, Toronto

Paris Kid Glove Store

Special Sale of Gloves During July and August

Kid-Fitting Silk Gloves from 50c.

MOUSQUITAIRE GLOVES
In all lengths and all the newest shades

We are clearing out a lot of
Glace Gloves at Greatly Reduced Prices

Gent's Driving and Walking Gloves
Misses and Children's Gloves in Great Variety

R. & G. CORSETS, IN ALL COLORS
A special line in summer corsets, $1.25.

WM. STITT & CO.
11 and 13 King St. East, Toronto

WE have pleasure in announcing that we are now sole agents for the celebrated
BEHR BROS. PIANOS of New York,
STECK PIANOS of New York,
DUNHAM PIANOS of New York.

We have in stock a fine assortment of the best Uprights of these celebrated makers. Also a fine stock of the now famous New Scale Dominion Pianos.

Intending buyers, both in Toronto and outside points, will do well to call on or write us for prices and catalogues before deciding on any other make of pianos.

DOMINION PIANO AND ORGAN CO.
Warerooms: 68 King St. West.

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Catch Them Alive with Sticky Fly Paper
Kill Them Quick with Insect Powder

Fly papers made fresh every day.
Dalmation Insect Powder (closed flowers) fresh ground this season.

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McARTHUR'S DRUG STORE
230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter

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POPULAR PASSENGER STEAMER
OCEAN
JOHN T. TOWERS, Master,
Leaves Hamilton 10 a.m., Toronto 4 p.m., every Saturday for Kingston, Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall and Montreal. Fare from Hamilton, $8; return, $15. Fare from Toronto, $7 50; return, $14. For freight or passage apply to W. A. GEDDES, 69 Yonge Street, Toronto, or at Geddes' Wharf.

Netherlands Line
Wednesdays and Saturdays from New York
Paris in 3½ hours from Boulogne. Cologne, Berlin, &c., from Rotterdam.
THE RHINE ROUTE
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
Agent, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

Wedding Presents

Brass and Wrought Iron Lamps
Brass Jardinieres
Fine Art Brass and Copper Kettles
Oxidised Silver and Brass Candelabra

RICE LEWIS & SON
(LIMITED)
Corner King and Victoria Streets
TORONTO

## Between You and Me.

THE postman brings me one line from Goderich to-day commenting thus upon a newspaper clipping enclosed: "What would you like to do to Bishop Coxe?" And on reading the enclosure I saw what that one sentence meant. Bishop Coxe doesn't believe in bicycles, dear old thing! And he speaks in a very rude and ungentlemanlike manner about ladies who ride them! Which all goes to convince the faithful that bishops make slips like other men folks! Why, this aproned authority actually says the Buffalo ladies ride "astride a wheel"—the same old break that my old lady correspondent made. Bishop Coxe must really be misinformed, I think, for I am happy in the acquaintance of several sweet Buffalo girls who ride, and they never—oh, never——!

Listen to the dear bishop! He says: "I hope none of the graduates before me will ever be seen *astride a wheel*. The girls I have seen riding in Delaware avenue look like old women on a broomstick." Now the only old women I ever heard of who rode broomsticks were witches, and we all know bishops don't believe in witchcraft, though such a cranky and crochety and unpleasant spoken bishop as our present quotee may do even that. It happens sometimes with bishops and smaller fry that when they condescend to criticize us ordinary mortals, they display a lack of information, not to speak of manners, which makes me feel sad. No, my dear Goderich friend, I don't want to do anything to Bishop Coxe. He means well, but he *don't know*! Yes, though, I would like to do something to him. I should dearly love to take him up to Hamilton next Tuesday and tuck his nice little apron over a Ladies' Safety and send him wildly careering down the mountain side. And then I would come home and increase in liking more and more for the nice, refined, gentlemanly bishops we have in Canada, who wouldn't for worlds call us old women on broomsticks.

•

But the funniest part of the Right Reverend's *faux pas* was, that among the gracious and graceful society mothers and sisters who listened to his advice to their juniors, were a goodly number who are enthusiastic cyclists. The gaitered denunciator stood before Buffalo's fashionables and "sassed" them to their faces, and the audience were ruffled accordingly. I don't suppose, apart from a slight resentment at his rudeness of expression, his remarks will have any effect upon the dear creatures. I hope not, for he went out of his sphere and strained a point to be disagreeable, which I dare say was an unnecessary exertion. I think I must ask the four sweet creatures who made that pretty photo last Monday week to give me a copy of it to send him, though I suppose he'd excommunicate us all if I dared to.

•

A lovely little letter has come to me from some French body, enclosing a list of unobjectionable French novels for the young girl who asked for them. I beg to return my best thanks to my charming Fauvette, and to say that the accompanying request shall be attended to at once. I like compliments in any known language, but the compliments of Fauvette, in that language above all others made for them, as my little boy friends say, "broke me all up!"

•

I was so glad to see in a quotation from a question album, written in by the Princess of Wales, that her favorite story writer was Charles Dickens. My human nature responded in a glow to her choice, and I like the "lady who grows old gracefully" better, if possible, than I did before. Isn't she one of the most wonderful of women, and wouldn't you and I be proud—with good reason—if we could look back upon an innocent childhood, a gentle girlhood, a wise womanhood, a perfect wifehood and an adored motherhood such as hers? A grandmotherhood, too, God bless her! I nearly forgot the wee Fifelet who has lately joined the band. Really it seems like a jest to believe that our bonnie queen elect can be a grandmamma! And I felt like smiling at the rant of a radical paper one day lately, which raved over the future of England, and prophesied that our naughty Albert Edward would never be allowed to rule over the tight little island. Why, if ever a shout rent the cloud-hung heavens that gently moisten the cliffs and downs, if ever a heart beat high in loyal delight, that shout will ring and that heart will beat when John Bull sees a little crown resting upon the gentle head of Denmark's sweet daughter; and were Albert Edward twice as bad and bold as they try to make him out—poor, fat, kind-natured fellow!—Albert Edward's wife would stand between him and his fate. They love her so, over there! And she has firmly impressed it upon their slow-going, self satisfied nature that she also loves them!

•

I received a very long letter, too late to be inserted in last week's column, asking me to say something more about the private house hospitality to the coming teachers, and really I don't know what to reply to my correspondent. My house is just something larger than a good-sized hen-coop, but there is room for one small-sized teacher in it. Were it as big as my wishes, there would be room for a score. I can see a lovely chance for those householders who would not care to receive the teachers on a monetary basis, to do a kind act to the visitors, and at the same time benefit their own city. Suppose a score of us were to agree to set aside all or a part of the board these visitors expect to pay, and endow some cots in the new Sick Children's Hospital. For how little care and trouble could a great deal be done. Dear ladies and gentlemen with large, handsome houses, in fair Rosedale and other beauty spots of Toronto, won't you open your hearts and homes and accomplish something worth while?

•

The latest caper announced as an attraction for the World's Fair at Chicago is a boulevard tunnel under the river. The idea originated in the brain of a woman, think of it, in a little bit of a brain weighing five ounces less than a man's! There is to be a central drive thirty-six feet wide with a foot path of twelve feet on each side, divided from it by rows of Corinthian pillars supporting the roof. It will be lit by electricity, and will cost the modest sum of 3,250,000 dollars. The large-headed lady who has thought it all out, calculated the cost and made the plans after months of study, is Mrs. Horatio May, and when she first unloaded her idea upon her husband, instead of his saying, "For goodness sake don't meddle with engineering, but mind the baby!" this nice Chicago man was delighted with her cleverness, told her she was a born engineer, talked it up to his associates on the Park Commissioners Board, helped her and encouraged her in every way, and now basks in the sunshine of her success without one single paltry twinge. This tunnel will connect two fine avenues in Chicago and be a lasting reproach to every man who wags his tongue in discouragement of women and disparagement of their capabilities.

. . . . . .

I have a little growl to make before I close my chat this week, and I wonder if any light sleeper will echo my minor notes. Every morning about half past five or six two fiends in human shape come, one from the north and the other from the south, and they meet at or near the door of my modest dwelling. I start from my slumbers to a shriek of "Hallo, Jim," and the answering yell, "Hallo, Bill," and I toss and almost say bad words, as these two urchins, who carry morning papers, bawl and whistle and whoop outside my open windows. Once I rushed out at them, in red-hot indignation and a white garment, and for a few mornings I had peace. Then two new boys came on the route and the scrite must be made again, I suppose. If any route boy should read this, which is a supposition equal in probability to those of the far-famed Toodles, I earnestly beg him to pass the word along among his *confreres* that to scribes who sometimes have to work into the wee sma' hours, that morning serenade of Jim and Bill is an unnecessary luxury, and no one could so gladly do without it as that inveterate lover of sleep.

LADY GAY.

### Reflections.

*For Saturday Night.*

Oh! the day is gloomy!
The April clouds are doubting
Whether they shall break or pass,
For—Annette, she is pouting.

Oh! the day is wintry!
As though the year were dying,
The storm and blast and hurricane,
For—Annette, she is sighing!

Oh! the day is rainy!
The swollen mists are creeping
Over all the autumn sky,
For—Annette, she is weeping!

Oh! the day is sunny!
The wild birds are beguiling
Summer hours with joyful song,
For—Annette, she is smiling!

JOSEPHINE WEELING.


## Choice Cut Roses

Of every popular variety. Other seasonable flowers also always on hand. We can ship cut flowers to any part of Ontario and Quebec with perfect safety, as we have letters from our numerous patrons in various parts congratulating us for prompt delivery and excellent condition of the flowers upon arrival.

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Janness-Miller P. F. Bodice
COMMON SENSE AND DRESS REFORM WAISTS

Perfect substitute for Plaster Jacket.

Corsets Made from any Pattern

Spinal Supporter & Brace Made for any Deformity

Sample bottle "BLUSH OF ROSES" for the complexion gratis.

## THE POINT FARM SUMMER RESORT

NEAR GODERICH, ONT

Will be open for business on June 20. Its special features are pure air, genuine country life and perfect safety for children. The beach is exceptionally fine, and the bathing both healthful and free from danger. A beautiful mineral spring, whose waters contain medicinal properties, is an additional advantage. For particulars and terms address the proprietor, J. J. WRIGHT, Goderich, Ont.

*Armson & Stone.*
CHARMING DESIGNS IN
## FRENCH SATEENS
New colors, fresh designs, something novel and different to the general run.

If you want a real cool, elegant dress for a low figure call and see our Summer Goods.

**212 YONGE STREET**
Samples sent to any part of Canada.

## S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

IN everything this store invites the closest examination. There's such a thing as doing business for a day—make the sales to-day, get the shopper's money to-day, trusting to fill the gap to-morrow with someone else, whose experience is like that of others—that all's not gold that glitters.

Do some testing right here. Warm enough to suggest light goods, say Muslins and Flouncings. We show a beautiful line of Black Satin Muslins in checks and stripes! Perhaps nothing in dress stuffs more suited to the summer season. Ordinarily you'd expect to pay quite a price for these; or if price quoted is low you'd fear something trashy. The well known character of this store assures you of right goods and little money for them.

Black Satin Muslins, checks and stripes, 12½c., 15c., 17c.

Equally noticeable for quality and surprising value, indicated by the price, is a hem stitched insertion flouncing in white, full dress width, 43 inches, at 35c. As a matter of fact the regular selling price is 60c.

Flouncings, black on white, 25c.
Flouncings, heliotrope on white, 25c.
Flouncings, brown on white, 25c.

Everything you may want in Muslins with us.

Check Muslins, 8½c.
Fancy Striped Muslins, 10c.
Colored Chambray Embroideries.
Mosquito Netting, 60c. piece.

**R. SIMPSON**

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.

Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

MISS SULLIVAN
Late of W. A. Murray & Co.
**Artistic Dressmaking**
76 COLLEGE STREET
Miss Sullivan has just returned from New York with the latest designs and styles.

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING
MISS PATON'S rooms are now open and thoroughly equipped with the spring styles and modes. The latest French, English and American fashions. An early visit and inspection invited.
Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons, 35 King Street East

WHOLESALE HOUSES AND MANUFACTURERS
Requiring commercial photographs of Machinery, Merchandise, &c., can be supplied at low rates by
J. C. WALKER & CO.
117 YONGE STREET
Reduced rates on general work for sixty days.

## The Choice Salads
SOLD BY
## The G. W. Shaver Co., Ltd.
AT
244 Yonge St. and 2 Louisa St.
are praised by all who have used them. We keep in stock
DURKEE'S AND CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S SALADS
as well as a fine line of Olive oil, bottled expressly for us in Bordeaux, France.
Telephone your orders to 1850.

HANDSOME WAGONETTE FOR SALE
A handsome American wagonette, suitable for family use; pole and shafts, canopy top, upholstered in morocco; nearly new; a bargain. Enquire at
GRAND'S REPOSITORY

## FOR THE LAWN

You want a good rubber hose that will last as long or longer than any you know of, and do even work all the time. Too many "play out" after a little use, and you've nothing to do but buy another. There's a remarkable chance here now to get the proper sort.

## FOR YOUR VACATION

You need to take a stout Mackintosh Coat along with you as a safeguard against rainy days. We make them to order from the very best material and in any wanted style, guaranteeing a perfect fit.

## GOODYEAR RUBBER STORE
12 King Street West

## HAS REMOVED

Armand's Hair and Perfumery Store
Has removed from 407 Yonge Street to
441 Yonge Street and 1 Carlton Street
S. E. Cor. Yonge and Carlton Sts.
Largest and Handsomest Hair Goods, Hair Dressing and Perfumery Establishment in Canada
All modern improvements for Ladies and Gentlemen's Hair Dressing Parlors.
Select Stock of Fashionable Hair Goods
Elegant little Frontpieces for ladies to wear during the hot season. They are very light in weight and not heavy looking. Specialty in Long Hair Switches; no cord or stem inside. Ladies and Gent'emen's Toupees and Wigs made to order.
Articles de Toilette for Ladies and Gentlemen of Gelle-Freres, Paris, France
TRANCLE ARMAND & CO.
Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in Hair Goods and Perfumery
441 Yonge Street, S. E. cor. Carlton St.
TORONTO, ONT., CANADA.

DORENWEND'S
Is the Leading House for Fashionable
HAIR GOODS
The latest and most
ARTISTIC STYLES
In Wigs, Bangs, Switches etc.
Largest, Best and Cheapest House in the Dominion.
Finest Hair Dressing Room on the Continent.
Telephone 1551
105 Yonge St
Send for circular.

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50 Just to Hand 50
50
Solid Silver Stem Winding and Setting
## WATCHES
TO BE SOLD
## AT $5 EACH
These watches are fully warranted, have jeweled movements, will keep correct time, and are undoubtedly the best value ever placed before the Canadian public. Sent by express to out of town customers, subject to approval.
DAVIS BROS., 130 Yonge St.

## "UNEQUALLED"
IS THE VERDICT
OF
All Those Who Have Used the
## STANDARD
DRESS BONES
The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.
Ask for Them
They are the Best
SOLD BY
All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

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THE INGRES-COUTELLIER SCHOOL
OF MODERN LANGUAGES
NATURAL METHOD BY NATIVE TEACHERS
TORONTO: Canada Life Building. | MONTREAL: Nordheimer Block, 207 St James St.
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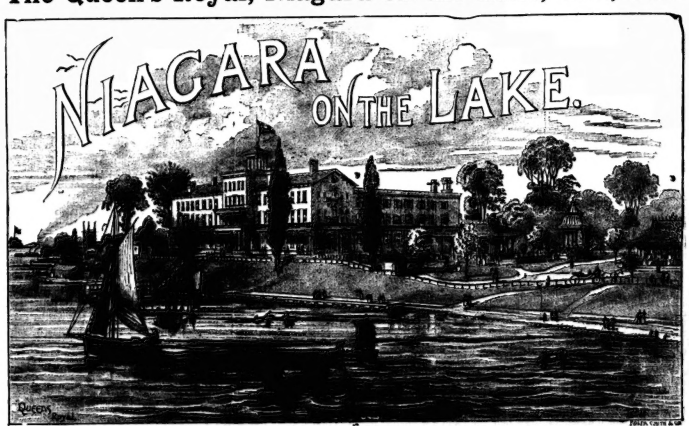
St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Winnipeg, Man. Brantford, Ont. Kingston, Ont. Ottawa, Ont. Bangor, Me. Calais, Me. Yarmouth, N. S. And other cities.
Office and Recitation Rooms in the CANADA LIFE BUILDING.

## DENSOLINE
(Pure Petroleum Jelly.)
(SUPERIOR TO VASELINE)
The great skin healer and beautifier of the complexion.
NATURE'S HEALING OINTMENT
- USE -
Gold Seal Densoline for Rough Skin
Cold Cream Densoline for the Complexion
Densoline Toilet Soap, made from Pure Petroleum Jelly, a perfect cure for all Skin Affections
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS
MANUFACTURED BY
AMERICAN OIL CO
29 Adelaide St. West, Toronto
Small samples can be obtained free of charge by applying at office.

## The Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., Can.




THIS Beautiful Summer Resort is situated at Niagara-on-the-Lake in a private park, on the shore of Lake Ontario, fourteen miles from the Falls of Niagara, at the mouth of the Niagara River. Has accommodation for 300 guests. Complete with all modern improvements. The rooms are mostly *en suite*, and well adapted for families. Hops weekly in the ball-room. Tennis Lawns in grounds of hotel. Good fishing, bathing and boating. Steamers Chicora and Cibola leave for Toronto four times a day. As excursionists of all kinds are not allowed on the grounds, families can rely on finding the Queen's Royal a refined home and worthy the patronage of the best people. Send for circular.

McGAW & WINNETT, The Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, or the Queen's Hotel, Toronto.

# THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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## CHAPTER II.

### A BITTER WELCOME.

Lord Bernard Clanavon was a young man who had earned for himself the reputation of extreme eccentricity. Even his father and mother, whose only and very much spoilt son he was, found themselves often forced to admit that he was odd. He had none of the vices, and very few of the habits of other young men of his class, which was all very well as far as it went, but it had its disadvantages. London life bored him, and the country, except during certain months of the year, was still less to his taste; consequently he spent a good deal of his time abroad, and being difficult to suit in the matter of companionship, he spent most of it alone. Another of his peculiarities was that he detested having letters, and never, unless compelled, wrote them. To escape from a correspondence which, had his whereabouts been known, would have been inevitable, he made a point of never giving an address even to his own people, simply telling them the date of his return, to which he was always faithful.

A month ago he had left London for Rome, with the remark that he would return on June 15, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of that day he was strolling over Waterloo Bridge on his way westward. A little distance behind, on the opposite side of the road, followed his late traveling companion.

It was a fine afternoon, and the Strand was thronged with foot passengers, and the streets with a ceaseless stream of vehicles. Lord Clanavon was evidently enjoying his walk. Head and shoulders taller than most of the crowd, he walked leisurely along, still smoking, and every now and then pausing to look in at a shop window, or read the placards outside a theater. The newsboys, who lined the gutters of the street, were making the air vibrate with their hideous news, but partly on account of the great roar of traffic and partly owing to habitual inattention, he walked on serenely, indifferent to the rudely noisy cries. Close behind was his traveling companion, who watched him eagerly each time he passed one of the little knots of newspaper sellers, and whose face was gradually becoming a svagely overcast.

At last the blow fell. Close to Charing Cross Lord Clanavon paused, with the evident intention of crossing the road, and as he stood on the curb stone, waiting for an omnibus to pass, his eyes fell upon a placard which was thrust almost into his face by an eager newsboy, and his ears were saluted at the same time by the cry which was echoing all down the Strand:

"HAWFUL TRAGEDY IN THE WEST END!"

"ORRIBLE MURDER OF THE EARL OF HARROWDEAN."

"FULL PARTICULARS."

For the space of fully thirty seconds Lord Clanavon stood perfectly still on the edge of the pathway as though turned into a figure of stone. Then a ghastly paleness crept into his cheeks, banishing all his ruddy manly color, and he swayed backwards as though about to fall. The roar of the passing vehicles, and the babel of talk and street shouts around, seemed to come to him from a far-off distance, and the ground appeared to slide away from under his feet. Then came a darkness before his eyes, a sudden tightening of the heart, and he was unconsciousness. It was the first swoon of a man of iron nerves and constitution, and it was not to be forgotten.

When Lord Clanavon opened his eyes and looked around him, his first impressions were rather mixed ones. To begin with, he was lying upon a strange sofa in a strange room, and more wonderful still, its only other occupant was a woman. He raised himself noiselessly upon his elbow and scrutinized his surroundings a little more carefully. The room was of moderate size, and was well and tastefully furnished, though not luxuriously. This much a hasty glance showed him; then his eyes fell upon his companion and remained there. He was an artist by temperament, keenly appreciative of beauty in all forms, and he felt a subtle sense of pleasure in letting his gaze rest upon her perfect oval face, with its dark blue, almost violet eyes, and brilliant complexion, and her dainty little figure. For a moment or two he lay there watching her; then she looked up from the flowers which she was busy arranging, and blushed slightly as her eyes met his.

"You are better?" she inquired softly, crossing the room, and standing at his side.

"Better?" he repeated wonderingly. "Have I been ill? Ah?"

A sudden wave of recollection came streaming in upon him, bringing with it a sickening sense of the horrible thing which had happened. Again he seemed to be in the noisy Strand, with that awful placard stretched out before him, and the shrill cries of the eager newsboys ringing in his ears. This time, however, he withstood the shock and remained calm.

"Have you one of those papers?" he asked, rising slowly to his feet.

She put one into his outstretched hand unwillingly, and with a great compassion shining out of her luminous eyes.

"My father left one here for you," she said softly. "He thought that it would be better for you to read all about it for yourself. I—I am so sorry."

He took it with trembling fingers, and she sank down upon the sofa from which he had risen while he read it through. Then the paper fluttered down on to the floor, and he covered his face with his hands for a few minutes. When he looked up again he was quite calm, but his voice was hard, and his eyes dry and bright.

"Where am I?" he asked, looking around him.

"You are in my father's rooms in Craven street," she answered. "You were taken ill and he brought you here."

"It was very good of him—very kind. Is he here?"

"He will be in a moment; you will wait and see him, won't you? I—I am afraid you have had some very terrible news."

He pointed to the paragraph.

"Yes. He was my father."

"Your father! Oh, how dreadful! And you know nothing about it!"

"Nothing. I came back this afternoon from abroad and was on my way home."

The sight of his misery was awful. She turned away with a little sob and stood at the window with her handkerchief pressed to her eyes. She would have liked to have consoled him, but how was she to attempt it? A stranger too! So she did what seemed to her the next best thing. She remained silent, asking no questions.

After a while the necessity for action of some sort flashed in upon him. He rose suddenly and took up his hat.

"I must go now," he said keeping his voice steady with an effort. "If your father has gone on will you tell me his name that I may call and thank him for his kindness—and you for yours," he added.

The words were conventional enough; the tone was a little more grateful even then the occasion seemed to demand. Perhaps she thought so, for she blushed faintly when she answered him.

"Our name is Feurget, and—— Ah, that is my father's step I think! He has returned then."

Lord Clanavon turned towards the door, and saw a slight, dark figure standing upon the doorstep. Something familiar in the pale oval face and restless eyes arrested the words which he had been on the point of uttering. But it was not until M. De Feurget had advanced into the center of the room that Lord Clanavon recognized his recent traveling companion. Then he held out his hand, with a somewhat forced smile.

"I scarcely thought that we should meet again so soon," he said. "It was very good of you to bring me here; I don't know what would have become of me if you hadn't I suppose I must have fainted," he added, as though rather ashamed of the fact.

"Such a shock is enough to make any one faint," the other said gravely. "I trust that you are better now."

"Yes, I am better," Lord Clanavon answered, with a little shudder. "I was just going as you came in. Perhaps you will allow me to call again at some future time. Just now I don't feel up to much conversation, and I feel that I haven't thanked you—and your daughter—half enough for your kindness."

He had moved towards the open door, and from there bowed his farewell to the young lady. Certainly she was very beautiful, he thought, as he looked into her dark, brilliant face and saw the soft sympathetic light flashing in her deep blue eyes. And then he felt ashamed of himself for thinking of such a thing at such an awful time, and turned away a little abruptly.

M. de Feurget followed him downstairs and opened the door for him.

"Let me fetch you a hansom," he suggested.

"You look scarcely fit to walk."

Lord Clanavon shook his head.

"I think that the walk will do me good," he said. "I couldn't breathe in a cab. Good afternoon."

Then he turned away and walked slowly down the street with bowed head and eyes fixed upon the pavement. The man from whom he had parted remained upon the door step watching him with a curious look upon his face. His thin, colorless lips were parted in a slight smile, which was more suggestive of a sneer than of mirth, and his dark eyes had lost for a moment their shifty, restless expression, and were full of deep thought. He stood there for fully five minutes after Lord Clanavon had disappeared, motionless and absorbed. Then some trifling noise in the streets seemed to change the current of his thoughts, and he abruptly re-entered the house and closed the door.

## CHAPTER III.

### GOD'S VENGEANCE WOULD BE TOO SLOW!

The idea of murder in the abstract has become so familiar to us by its so frequent adaptation by the novelist, and from the columns of the newspapers, that it is rather difficult for an unimaginative person to realize its full horrors. To do so thoroughly we must picture to ourselves some one very near and dear to us suddenly snatched from our midst, and hurried into eternity by such means. If we can do that we might be able to understand in some slight measure the agony of horrified grief, succeeded by the burning desire for vengeance which Bernard Clanavon felt as he slowly began to realize what had happened. It did more than make itself felt, it crept into his whole being like morphia let into an opened vein, and swept every other thought and impulse before it. The relations between him and his father had been exactly typical of the relations which exist between the majority of English fathers and English sons. There had been little or no sentiment, and outward expressions of affection had been very rare between them. Yet underneath the superficial crust of indifference there had been a strong and reciprocal affection, seldom manifesting itself in any more pronounced manner than by a quiet cordiality, but still an existent and healthy feeling which this hideous tragedy had fanned almost into a passion. And so unnaturally enough when the first shock of the interview was over, and the sight of her son had quieted a little his mother's grief, he withdrew himself from her embrace and asked the question which was burning within him.

"Is there any clue, mother? Do they know who has done—this thing?"

They were alone in Lady Alceston's boudoir, a small octagonal apartment hung with amber satin, and furnished with all the soft luxury which perfect taste and unlimited wealth could devise. It was a room sacred to women—even Lord Alceston himself had seldom entered it—and Bernard Clanavon looked curiously out of place standing up erect amongst the low velvet covered fauteils, the delicate knick-knacks and softly flashing mirrors, with a terribly fierce look upon his white sorrow-stricken face, and his eyes fixed upon his mother's bowed form, full of a dry, burning light.

She withdrew her handkerchief from her face, and looking up at him, shuddered.

"Bernard, don't look like that," she pleaded. "I would rather see you cry."

He turned his face away from her with a slight gesture of impatience, but its expression was unaltered.

"Crying is a woman's office, mother," he said in a low tone. "There is something else for a man to think about here. You have not answered my question."

"Neillson has disappeared," she said slowly. "There is nothing else."

"Neillson! Neillson!" he repeated, half in wonderment, half in contempt. "Neillson guilty of—oh, that's all nonsense. I would as soon suspect myself."

"Nevertheless, he has disappeared," she repeated. "He was the last person who saw your father alive, and——"

"But it couldn't possibly have been Neillson," he interrupted firmly. "Why, a more simple-minded old fellow never breathed. You can't believe this yourself, mother."

The hand which clutched her handkerchief trembled violently, and she seemed to answer with great difficulty.

"I—I don't know. It is all so strange and horrible. Why should anyone—Oh, Bernard, Bernard, ask me no more questions!" she burst out, sobbing violently.

He waited until she was more composed, standing perfectly motionless, his fair beardless face set and rigid, and full of a terrible determination, looking, in the sweet subdued light thrown upon it by the tinted and heavily shaded fairy lamps, like a piece of exquisite statuary.

"It was not Neillson," he said quietly, when at last his mother removed the handkerchief from her eyes. "The utter absence of motive alone would make such an idea absurd."

She seemed still struggling with her agitation, but she answered him.

"I cannot discuss this with you. The—the inquest is to-morrow—wait till then."

Her evident pain seemed to touch him, for he stooped down and kissed her. Then he moved towards the door.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

He paused on the threshold.

"To Mr. Brudnell's office and then to Scotland Yard to see what is being done."

She turned away from him with a gesture of terror.

"Bernard," she cried passionately. "It seems to me that grief is second in your thoughts to vengeance."

He shook his head.

"It's the difference between a man's grief and a woman's, mother, that's all. Yours is passive, racking your body and filling your thoughts and remaining there. Mine is a grief which calls out for action of some sort for vengeance."

She stood up with her hand stretched out towards him, beautiful still, for all her gray hair and her marble white countenance, beautiful in her perfect features and the solemn majesty of her attitude and gesture.

"Bernard," she cried, "vengeance belongs to God and not to man. He himself has said it. I command you to desist from the purpose which you have in your heart, which is written in your face."

There was something intensely dramatic in the quickly spoken words, and in her sudden transformation from a weeping, sorrowful woman to a dignified queen of tragedy, with all the fire of command ringing in her passionate words. But she might as well have cried to the walls.

"I am your son, mother, and in anything else I would obey you. But I was his son, too! God's vengeance would be too slow for me," he added bitterly.

Then he left her, and in a moment she was a broken-hearted woman again, sobbing wildly amongst the soft cushions of her low chair and talking to herself in broken tones.

"My God, my God," she moaned, "what shall I do; oh, what shall I do!"

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE INQUEST AT GROSVENOR SQUARE.

An inquest on the body of a peer of the realm is not an every day occurrence. Accordingly when he sat at the head of the long mahogany table, looked a shade graver and more impressed with the solemnity of his office than usual, and the same feeling was reflected in the solid looking faces of his twelve subordinates as they were marshalled to their seats. Many of them had served on a jury before, but never in connection with such a sensational case, and there was a certain sense of ponderous satisfaction upon their faces as they drew close up to the table, almost as though they felt something akin to pleasure in the notoriety which their office would bring them. But there was genuine sympathy amongst them notwithstanding, and more than one cast a pitying glance at Lord Clanavon who sat a little apart in a high-backed arm chair.

It was a gloomy scene. Apart from the inevitable solemnity of it, the surroundings were in themselves depressing. Outside a thick fog had settled down upon the squares and streets, a penetrating fog which defied the drawn Venetian blinds and heavily draped curtain, and which hung about in a little mist around the circular glass globes and impregnated the whole atmosphere of the long room, which was at no time one of the brightest. It certainly could not have been said that the countenances of the twelve men, or their surroundings, were in any way out of harmony with the dreary nature of their duty. Both were funereal.

The silence was broken at last by the coroner, who in a low tone formally introduced the jury to their duties. Then the first witness, William Rogers, was called, and a tall, liveried footman answered the summons, and took up a respectful attitude before the table. The coroner commenced his examination at once.

"Your name is William Rogers?"

"Yes, sir."

"What position do you hold in the household?"

"First footman, sir."

"How long have you been in the service of your deceased master?"

"About three years."

"You were the first person to enter the library and discover your master's body, I believe?"

"I was, sir."

"You had better tell us how it was, and by whose orders you went there."

"Very good, sir. It was about seven o'clock in the morning when I was woke up by a knocking at my door. I sat up in bed and listened and called out, 'Who's there?' Her ladyship's maid, Marie Richards, answered me. I can't remember her exact words, but she said as her ladyship had sent her to tell me to go down to the master's study at once and see why he had not come up to bed. I asked her why she did not go to Neillson, which was his lordship's own man, and she replied that she had been but she couldn't wake him, which, knowing as Neillson, who used to share the same room with me, was a very heavy sleeper, I warn't surprised at. 'All right,' I sung out. 'I'll be down in a moment;' and I hurried into some clothes as fast as I could. When I came outside she was a' waiting on the landing for me quite impatient like, and we went down together. I knocked first at the sitting room door, but there was no answer; so I told Marie that his lordship had very likely gone straight to his own room instead of going in to see her ladyship. I left her there and went up to it, but the room was quite empty, and the bed had not been slept in; so I came down a little flurried like, and told Marie to go and tell her ladyship, and ask her what we were to do. Her ladyship sent down word at once that we were to get into the study somehow, even if we had to break open the door; so I sent Marie for Thomas, the under footman, and together we forced the door open."

The man paused for a moment as though to take breath, and when he resumed it was in a low awed tone. Low though it was, however, it was distinctly heard, for everyone was holding his breath and listening in an intense hushed silence.

"The room was quite dark except for just one ray of light which was streaming in from the window, just where the curtains, which had been pulled together, didn't meet quite, and that single gleam of light just fell upon his lordship's face. Gentlemen, you must excuse—one moment please. It was an awful sight!"

The man's voice was checked by something very much like a sob, and he shuddered. There was a slight murmur of sympathy, during which he mopped his face forcibly with a pocket handkerchief, and slowly recovered his composure. Presently he drew himself up to his former attitude and continued:

"I'm much obliged to you, gentlemen, for giving me breathing time. If any one of you had seen the sight as I saw when that door fell in, you'd understand it making me feel a bit queer. I'll try and tell you what it was like. His lordship seemed to be all slouched down in his writing chair, but his head was hanging right backwards like, over the side a little, and was hanging down almost towards the ground. There was a great gap like between the neck and his chin, and as we stood there we could hear the drip, drip of the blood upon the floor; somehow it didn't seem as though he was dead, for his eyes were wide, staring open. Mary, she went off into hysterics something awful, and Thomas, he wur trembling so that he couldn't neither hear nor nothing else. I felt mortal bad myself, but I went up and touched his hand and found that it was quite cold, and then I saw the three scratches and bruises on his cheeks like finger marks. I saw that he was dead at once, but I told Thomas to be off as quick as ever he could and fetch a doctor and policeman. I stood near the door while he was gone, and then when the sergeant came and Dr. Benton, they locked up the room. That's all, sir."

He ceased with an evident gesture of relief. He was an unimaginative, phlegmatic man, of the very commonplace type of English menservants, and without any particular affection for his master, but his share in this tragedy, as yet so recent, had been like a nightmare to him, and the recapitulation of it had actuated him strongly. They gave him a little time to recover himself before they asked him any questions. Then the coroner ceased taking notes and addressed him.

"Did you notice anything disarranged in the study—any signs of a struggle?"

"Yes, sir. There was something of the sort. The curtain hanging over his lordship's private door, which led out into Berkeley street, was half torn down, and a small table with some books on, between his lordship's desk and the door, was upset."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing else that I can remember, sir. The policeman and the gentleman from Scotland Yard, they took possession of the room as soon as they arrived and locked it up."

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THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

The usual number of irrelevant and utterly useless questions were asked by certain jurymen of an inquisitive turn of mind, to some of which the coroner listened with ill-concealed impatience. Then the witness was dismissed, and well trained though his features were, his relief was manifest.

Marie Richards was called next. Her evidence simply corroborated that of her fellow-servant, and no questions were asked her. Then the Countess of Harrowdean was sent for, and after a little delay appeared.

To those who had known her before, her appearance was a shock. From head to foot she was clothed in the severest black, and a widow's cap concealed her light hair. The features which a week before would have been pronounced delicately moulded, were now sharpened like the features of an overworked seamstress, and the ghastly, blanched pallor of her complexion showed up with startling vividness the deep black rims under her sunken eyes. She was like a woman prematurely aged, stricken down in a single night, and an involuntary murmur of compassion escaped from the lips of more than one of the little body of men as they stood up to receive her. Her bearing was as rigid as ever, the sole remnants of her former self. She walked up the room, leaning upon her son's arm (he had left his place and met her at the door), with a calm dignity which her sorrow seemed only to have enhanced, and there was something almost majestic in the manner in which she sank slowly into the easy chair provided for her, and acknowledged slightly the coroner's respectful salutation.

He commenced his examination at once, after thanking her for her attendance, and regretting its necessity.

"Can your ladyship tell us anything which happened during the evening of last Tuesday which will throw any light upon this melancholy event, or afford any clue as to its perpetrator?" he asked.

"I am afraid not. I will tell you all that I know," she answered, in a low, but perfectly clear tone. "During the evening, whilst we were receiving our guests, my husband had a note brought to him. I do not know where it was from, or what it was about, but its contents seemed to cause him some uneasiness."

"Pardon me," interrupted the coroner, "but who brought Lord Alceston that letter?"

"Neillson!"

The jury exchanged significant glances. The coroner made a note, and signed to her ladyship to proceed.

"He told me that an urgent matter—I understood him to say some official business—required his immediate attention, and that he would be compelled to leave me for a while. I went in to my guests, and he to his study. It was past one o'clock, nearly two hours, before he rejoined me. During the remainder of the evening he was in remarkably good spirits, and certainly did not seem to have anything on his mind. When all the people had gone he went back again to his study, promising to come into my room shortly and have some tea. I waited for him for some time, and then, as he did not come, I put on my dressing-gown of everything for the home. We show ideas in articles to furnish the

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and dismissed my maid, as she seemed very tired. I must have gone to sleep then over the fire, for when I woke up it was getting dark light. I found that the tea tray had not been touched, and that my husband had evidently not been in. As he is very particular in keeping his promises I was a little alarmed, and I rang for Marie and told her to go to Neillson's room and tell him to see where his master was. She came back saying she could not wake him. I sent her then to William, the head footman. Soon afterwards she returned to say the library door was locked, and I told them to break it open. I heard this done, and —and soon afterwards they came and told me." Every one was conscious of a certain sense of relief when she had finished. Her voice had never once trembled, and her dry eyes were bright and tearless. But there was something awfully unnatural in her slow, monotonous tone, and in the repressive calmness of her manner. None would have been in the least surprised if she had burst out into a fit of the wildest hysterics at any moment. The coroner himself was nervous, but there were some questions which he felt bound to ask her.

"You saw or heard nothing of your husband's servant, Neillson, during the evening, after he brought that note?"

"Nothing."

"How long had he been in your husband's service?"

"More than twenty years."

"And had the relations between them always been cordial?"

"As far as I know."

"You know of no circumstance likely to have created any resentment on Neillson's part towards your husband?"

"None."

"Was Neillson a saving man? Was he fond of money, do you know?"

"I believe so. Yes, he was."

"I suppose you are not aware whether your husband had any money either on his person or in his desk on the night of his murder?"

Lady Alceston for the first time moved her position a little and lowered her eyes. The change almost hid her from her son who had resumed his seat on the opposite side of the room.

"Yes, I believe he had," she answered thoughtfully—"rather a considerable sum. I had reminded him that it was quarter day, when we always pay some of the household accounts, and he had told me that he had been to the bank and drawn some money. This was during the afternoon."

"About how much would they come to?"

"Between five and six hundred pounds!"

"Where did Lord Alceston bank?"

"At the London and Westminster."

The coroner made a note. Several of the jury did the same. Then her ladyship was politely told that she was needed no longer, and on her son's arm she left the room. Out in the hall he turned round and faced her.

"Mother," he said, quietly, "you know that Neillson is no more capable of doing this thing than I am. Why didn't you tell them so?"

"Because they did not ask me for my opinion—only for facts."

A shadow darkened his boyish handsome face. He caught her hand with a sudden impulsive movement and forced her to look into his eyes. A vague uneasiness had hold of him. What did it mean, this unnatural repression, this indefinable something in his mother's manner which seemed to suggest a secret, some knowledge which neither he nor others shared? It was clear to him that the calmness of her manner and speech was forced and unreal. She was putting a great constraint upon herself. Why? Again he asked himself what did it mean?

"Mother," he said in a low agitated tone, bending close over her, and glancing first half fearfully around to be sure that none else was lingering about in the hall. "You know something more than you told. Is it not so? Cannot you trust me? I must know."

She did not answer him, although her lips moved. Looking into her face, he saw what was coming, and passed his arm around her waist and held her up firmly. The ashen pallor drew the color even from her lips, and her breath came in short troubled gasps. She had fainted.

*(To be Continued.)*

### Wabash Line.

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### A Blessed Hope.

He (affianced to the widow)—How embarrassing it will be, when we die, to meet your first husband!

The widow—Possibly, my dear, you and the sainted dead will abide in different regions. That is my hope.

### Jarvis Street, Just as the Water Cart Passes.

Yonge de Carlton—Let me pilot you across, Miss Rosedale. I'm at home in these waters, you know.

Miss Rosedale (unexpectedly drenched)—Perhaps you are at home in these waters, but I can assure you that I am not.

### Good Measure.

Customer—You didn't leave any ice here yesterday.

Iceman—Yes, I did. Didn't you notice a small damp spot on the sidewalk?

Customer—Yes.

Iceman—Well, that was your ice. It melted before I could get it into the house.

### Tour to Alaska.

It is a pleasant fact that Mr. Grafton, who has so successfully conducted Grafton's Tours through Mexico the past three winters, will, on June 29, leave Chicago with a select party for Alaska. The route going will be *via* Kansas City, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Denver, on through the majestic scenery of Colorado to Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Tacoma; thence *via* the electric lighted steamer Queen to Alaska, returning *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway. Stops will be made at special points of interest, and the charge made will include railway and steamship fare, berths and meals *en route* on steamer and at hotels for a period of thirty days. In regard to the excellence of these tours reference is made, by special permission, to Mr. Joseph Jackes, barrister, 72 Church street, Toronto. For tour books and full information call or write to either of the following: C. D. Richardson, 28 Adelaide street east, W. R. Callaway, 110 King street west, H. D. Armstrong, traveling passenger agent, Jackson, Mich., or T. T. Grafton, manager of tours, 199 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

### Barriers Burned Away.

Powell—I hear the manager showed rare tact in preventing a stampede when the opera house caught fire.

Howell—Yes; he announced that a fire was raging in the wardrobe of the *corps de ballet*, but would not prevent the dances beginning immediately.

Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west, beg to announce that they have just opened up a choice selection of "mousseline chiffon" challys and various other summer goods. Latest novelties in Parisian millinery and trimmings.

## A Doctor's Story.

I met Laura at a charity ball. It was a case of love at first sight on my part, and I got introduced.

"Dr. Sprigge—Miss Laura Wyatt." The introduction was made in an instant. We had one waltz, only one, which we danced from start to finish; and then, when that glorious waltz was over, we both felt as though we had known and loved each other all our lives.

How I managed it I don't exactly know, but I did manage it. I called in Berkeley Square and introduced to old Mr. Wyatt, Laura's papa. I danced several other dances with Laura; and at the end of those dances—

I owed her no one since undefiled
That lived and breathed in this world of sin;
The purest, tenderest, truest child
That a man ever trusted in.

You may say that it did not take me long to arrive at this conclusion. It did not take me long, simply because I am a man of great mental promptitude, and have grown accustomed to arrive rapidly at a correct diagnosis when you see a hundred and twenty patients in three hours, which I had been in the habit of doing as assistant physician to St. Skinflint's.

I fancy I made a rather favorable impression on old Wyatt. I had cultivated a good professional manner. Some people say that in my profession manner is everything. I was what may be termed very professional—your young consulting physician always is. I had the etiquette and the ethics of the profession at my fingers' ends; and at that time I honestly felt that if it had not been for my peculiarly prepossessing appearance, and the fact that I was deficient in the physician's crown of glory (I mean a bald head), a large and lucrative practice must be mine eventually; and till the night I saw Laura I was absolutely devoted to the profession of medicine, and I longed—I actually longed—for that bald head and the accompanying large and lucrative practice.

I called, and I was very favorably received. Mr. Wyatt asked me to dinner, and he made a very favorable impression upon me, and he gave me a very good dinner; and the interest the old gentleman took in medicine was something wonderful. Old Wyatt lived in a very large house, in thoroughly respectable style—butler who looked like an archdeacon and two parlor maids.

Well, I was very much in love with Laura (it was fifteen years ago, and I was much in love with her now as I was then). I proposed for Laura in form; and then I had to confess to old Wyatt that I had only six thousand pounds of my own left. I had spent the other thousand of my original ten in the rent of consulting-room, the hire of a brougham, and the usual taxes to which the young consultant is subjected. I told old Wyatt flatly that I did not want his money; it was his daughter I wanted and not his dukedom. This statement was absolutely genuine, for I was very much in love. I explained to Mr. Wyatt that by the time the rest of the ten thousand was gone I might honestly expect to be in receipt of the magnificent professional income of five hundred a year.

Then old Mr. Wyatt threw himself back in his chair and laughed aloud. I thought he would never leave off laughing. I remonstrated with him upon his heartless conduct.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I can't help it, it's too ridiculous. You deliberately throw away ten thousand pounds and the best years of your life for the sake of a possible income of five hundred a year. Now, Dr. Sprigge, I will not attempt to conceal from you that my daughter is much attached to you. You are young, you are enthusiastic, you are ready to sacrifice everything for your profession. Now, the question is: are you ready to sacrifice your profession for my daughter? I am a bit of a doctor myself," he said, with a curious chuckle, "and I've a great respect for doctors; but there are reasons—good and substantial reasons—why my daughter could never marry a medical man; or, rather, to be more accurate, there are reasons—why no medical man could marry my daughter."

What could he mean? It was a most mysterious statement.

"My dear sir," I said, "if I threw up my profession for your daughter's sake, we should not have enough to live on; six thousand pounds would not last very long."

"You need not trouble yourself about that," said Mr. Wyatt; "I am fairly well off. I should be prepared to give you a share in my business—it's a very good business—and I'm very fond of my daughter Laura, and she is my only child, you know. Don't be alarmed," said Mr. Wyatt; "I shouldn't want your money. I should only want your assistance in developing my business. I could give a salary, if you liked—say, a couple of thousand a year; or, as I said before, you could have a share in the business."

"But I am not a business man," I remonstrated; "besides, I know nothing whatever of the nature of the business," I added; for I was altogether puzzled.

"You will not betray my confidence?" said Mr. Wyatt, with an air of mystery; "of course you won't. Well, I'm a benefactor of the human race. Did you ever hear of Bumstead's Infallible Tincture? I married Bumstead's widow. Laura is my daughter by a second marriage—this will give you all the necessary particulars," he said, as he thrust a little pamphlet into my hands. "I'll come back for your answer in a few minutes." Then he left me, and the room began to turn round and round.

Of course I had heard of Bumstead's Infallible Tincture—who hasn't? Who has not read the well known advertisement beginning—

Have you got a cold in the head? Try "Bumstead."
Do you suffer from indigestion? Try "Bumstead."
Is old age creeping upon you? Try "Bumstead."

And so on for a whole column. Had not I been continually irritated by my patients at the hospital telling me that they had tried "Bumstead" before they tried me? Was not "Bumstead" familiar in their mouths as a household word? And my Laura's father had married the widow of a quack—he was a quack himself! And I suffered agonies as I remembered that Laura was a quack's daughter. The idea was a horrible one.

I read the little book. There were hundreds of testimonials, a sufficient proof that Bumstead's Tincture was infallible; the testimonials were from all sorts and conditions of men. They were evidently perfectly genuine, for they attached their names and addresses. Perhaps the mysterious Bumstead had discovered the Elixir Vitæ. Then I read on till I came to the description of the remedy itself; it was stated to be "prepared from certain medicinal plants found only in Central Arabia, Beloochistan and the mountainous region of the north-western frontier of Cribi Tartary." Oh, there could not be anything in it; of course, it was a swindle. If it were only genuine, I felt that I would not hesitate for a single instant. At that moment the door opened and Bumstead—I mean Mr. Wyatt—entered.

"Well, my young friend," he said, with a good-humored smile, "what is your determination?"

"Mr. Wyatt," I said, and I assumed my very best professional manner, "if I could only believe in the genuineness of these testimonials; if I could only think that the Infallible Tincture does all that it is said to do; if I could only honestly believe in it, I would cast principle and pride and prejudice to the winds and instantly jump at your most liberal offer."

"You don't mean to say that you doubt the genuineness of the testimonials!" cried Mr. Wyatt, in evident indignation. "Then he read Lord Addepate's testimonial very slowly and very softly. "Dr. Sprigge," he said, at its conclusion, "Lord Addepate is a peer of the realm, one of our hereditary legislators. Would you presume to doubt the word of an hereditary legislator? Call on his lordship, you are a physician; you can form your own opinion. The whole of these testimonials, sir, are absolutely genuine!" cried Mr. Wyatt, and he thumped the table with his fist; "I believe in Bumstead, sir, and I've never had a day's illness in my life." I did not think much of that argument.

"Look here," said Mr. Wyatt; "I'll make you a present of a gross of it. Take it to St. Skinflint's and try it on your patients." The horrible suggestion caused me to shudder in spite of myself.

"Do you care so little for my daughter, Dr. Sprigge," said Bumstead.—I mean Mr. Wyatt—very solemnly, "that you actually decline to investigate the matter? Didn't the whole world believe the earth to be flat till it was proved to be round? Weren't Columbus looked upon as a fool and an impostor? Let me tell you, sir, the day is coming when all the world will revere the name of Bumstead."

When I looked round upon the evident signs of wealth, when I looked into that old man's face, and I remembered that he was Laura's father, I could not doubt the honesty of his convictions. I seized his hand; there were tears in my eyes as I bade him an affectionate farewell.

"I will investigate it, sir!" I cried; "and I will communicate the result to you in a fortnight."

Then we shook hands.

I went into the nearest chemist's. I asked for a bottle of Bumstead's Infallible Tincture.

"It's a very valuable remedy, sir," said the chemist; "most of our customers find it a perfect panacea."

It was strange, very strange. Your true physiologist never hesitates to make a crucial experiment upon his own person. I took a double dose of "Bumstead" that night. It did not have the slightest effect upon me. I finished the bottle the next day; it did not even make me feel ill. I did not think much of "Bumstead" as a medicine. Most valuable remedies make you feel very ill indeed—that is my experience. Then I called on six of the testimonial-givers; they all swore by "Bumstead." "A man must take medicine of some sort, sir," one remarked to me; "when I'm a bit out of sorts I just flies to 'Bumstead,' and it does me a power of good."

My next step was to insert an advertisement in the Agony Column of the *Times*. It ran as follows:

"To the physician who recommended 'Bumstead's Infallible Tincture' to an aged nobleman suffering from heart disease, in the Pullman train running to Brighton, on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 17th. Kindly send address, and greatly oblige Lord X."

Then I followed an address in Mayfair.

I got two hundred and thirty-seven answers to that advertisement. Over two hundred of them sang the praises of "Bumstead." Thirty inclosed prospectuses of rival medicines. One was a very rude letter; it ran as follows:

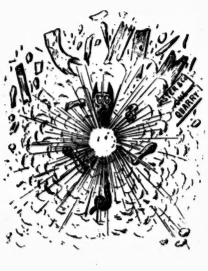
DEAR BUMSTEAD,—I'll give you a testimonial with pleasure on receipt of a postal order for one pound.

The six remaining letters were all from medical men. Each of them declared that they remembered the incident perfectly, and Bumstead's Infallible Tincture was the very thing, and each of them intimated to Lord X. that he had better consult the writer at his earliest convenience. One was from the senior physician of St. Skinflint's.

After such evidence as this, could I doubt any longer? Could any man who possessed a well balanced and judicial mind dare to doubt such evidence as this? "Bumstead" must indeed be an infallible remedy, when six eminent physicians, each traveling by the pullman train to Brighton on a particular afternoon, should each have the good fortune to meet with an aged nobleman suffering from heart disease, and each and every one of them from the very bottom of his heart recommend "Bumstead" as a matter of course.

On the appointed day I called upon Mr. Wyatt. I respectfully saluted him as a benefactor of the human race. Within three months I married Laura. I gave up the practice of the profession as a matter of conviction. I went into partnership with old Mr. Wyatt; he died a year or two ago; he left everything to Laura. I am a rich man now, I live in Kensington Park Gardens, and I have a lovely place in the country; and I became, I practically became—well—"Bumstead."—*St. James's Gazette.*

### A Shantytown Phœnix.



"Well, I thought I was done for that time!" —*Life.*

### Table Etiquette.

Do not rattle your knife and fork. A knife and spoon will be found more musical.

Eat your soup from the side of your spoon, either inside or outside.

Do not take game in your fingers. This, however, does not apply to a game at cards.

Do not rest your arms on the tablecloth. Stack your arms in a corner of the room before beginning dinner.

When asked what part of the fowl you prefer, answer promptly. If you want the whole of it don't hesitate to say so.

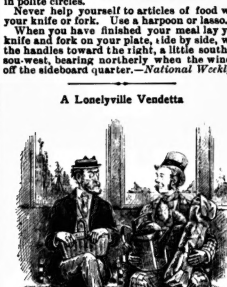
Do not drink with the spoon in your cup; put it in your pocket. Forgetting it, you will be so much ahead. A close regard to this rule has enabled Ben Butler to accumulate a competence.

Never leave the table until you are through, without sufficient excuse. The sudden entrance of a policeman with a warrant for your arrest is generally considered sufficient excuse in polite circles.

Never help yourself to articles of food with your knife or fork. Use a harpoon or lasso.

When you have finished your meal lay your knife and fork on your plate, side by side, with the handles toward the right, a little south by sou-west, bearing northerly when the wind is off the sideboard quarter.—*National Weekly.*

### A Lonelyville Vendetta



First Suburban Resident—What's the trouble between Howson Lott and his next-door neighbor, Lowe Moore? They seem to be on bad terms, lately.

Second Suburban Resident—Well, you see, Lott owned his cottage The Crow's Nest, and then Moore turned around and named his cottage The Eagle's Nest; and now they don't speak.

American—Do you know how to play baccarat?

Stranger—Of course I know all about it. I am an English judge.

### He Shouldn't Complain.

He—Geraldine, you do not love me.
She—Have I broken our engagement?
He—No; but you wore Captain Farrar's flowers to-night instead of mine.
She—But yesterday I ate your bon bons first.

### Pun Points.

Used up—Sun shades.
All run down—Tear drops.
Up hill work—Hoeing corn.
A ringmaster—The bridegroom.
Of no earthly use to us—Wings.
Keep up appearances—Suspenders.
Dumb founded—The mute alphabet.
Ought to be well posted—Hammocks.
Open secrets—Saloon back doors on Sunday

### Valuables Gone.

"You must have suffered terribly in the big cyclone."

"Yes; everything! valuable was totally wrecked."

"Didn't you save anything?"

"Nothin' but my wife and the mortgage on the house."

### "Twelve Good Men and True"

Hawkins—You were on the jury in the murder trial, weren't you? What was the verdict

Lambson—Acquittal.

"In spite of such damning evidence! What excuse had you?"

"Insane."

"What! All of you?"

### A Crushing Combine.

Mrs. Youngwife—O John! I have such terrible news.

Hubby—What is it, dear?

Mrs. Youngwife—Our cook is going to marry the janitor. Whatever will become of us?

### His Sarcasm.

The Lieutenant (pointing to the canon)—If you don't accept me, to-morrow I shall be down at the bottom of that canon.

The Colonel's Daughter—What—dead?

The Lieutenant—No—fishing.

### Same Way Here.

The following dialogue took place between two colored folks on the street:

"Atlanta's got rapid transit now, sure."

"What do you mean—de dummy kyars?"

"No, I doesn't mean no dummy."

"You mus' be talkin' 'bout de 'lectric line, den."

"No, I isn't, neither."

"Well, I gives it up; what you talkin' 'bout?"

"I'm talkin' 'bout dat pytrol waggin, 'cause it takes you furder in ten minutes dan you'll git back from in six months."

J. PICOT, PARIS, SOLE PROPRIETOR.

LESSIVE PHENIX

Makes Hard Water Soft.
Makes White Clothes Whiter.
Makes Flannels Soft and Clean.
Makes Fruit Stains Vanish.
Makes Tin Like Silver.
Makes Paint Like New.
Makes Glassware Brilliant.
Makes Earthenware Spotless.
Makes Windows Like Crystal.
Makes Baths and Sinks Clean and Bright.

THE ONLY ARTICLE THAT WILL CLEAN ZINC.

For sale by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere.

FACTORY IN MONTREAL.

EVANS AND SONS, SOLE AGENTS.

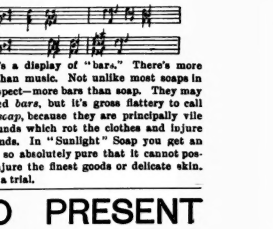
WIVES & DAUGHTERS WEAR THE IMPROVED ALL FEATHERBONE CORSETS

NO SIDE STEELS TO HURT.
NO SIDE STEELS TO BREAK
NO SIDE STEELS TO RUST.

SOLD BY All the leading Dry Goods Houses IN CANADA.

MADE ONLY BY CANADA FEATHERBONE CO. LONDON, ONT.

AMONG THE BARS




Here's a display of "bars." There's more show than music. Not unlike most soaps in this respect—more bars than soap. They may be called *bars*, but it's gross flattery to call them *soap*, because they are principally vile compounds which rot the clothes and injure the hands. In "Sunlight" Soap you get an article so absolutely pure that it cannot possibly injure the finest goods or delicate skin. Give it a trial.

NO PRESENT
REQUIRED TO SELL
HICKMAN'S
Bo-Ka-Te
*(Bouquet Tea)*
50c. per lb. 5 lbs. for $2.25
If you like a cup of good tea such as cannot be bought in any other store in the city, try it. We guarantee it will please you.
(TELEPHONE 5061)
HICKMAN & CO.
PARKDALE KASH GROCERY
1424 Queen Street West.

HAVE YOU TENDER FEET?
IF YOU HAVE
Flett's Foot Powders
WILL CURE THEM
FLETT'S DRUG STORE
482 Queen Street West, Toronto

We have just received a number of
Sole Leather Trunks, Portmanteaus and Valises
both our own make and imported, that are of superior quality and finish, combined with exceedingly low price for the quality of the goods.
Any of our customers requiring such goods, we will feel great pleasure in showing our stock to them.
H. E. CLARKE & CO.
105 King Street West, Toronto.

# THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

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## The Sand Banks.

Winding through the beautiful county of Prince Edward the ride to the Sand Banks is very enjoyable, and one of which one must write *con amore*. I mean of those artist bits bordering on inlets of our witching, waltzing, changing, ever alluring, always beautiful, Lake Ontario. The Sand Banks, which lie east of Wellington and on the main line of coast forming in part the background of a promontory jutting out between in county parlance east and west lakes, are a wonderful phenomena, to which hundreds of amazed tourists each successive summer turn their admiring faces. On the promontory which juts out into the blue ozone laden waters of Lake Ontario, is located a summer hotel, a true place of rest. Here Worth or Murray built gowns are nowhere! Even nature is her own gardener and is lavish in her breadth and beauty; everything is *en dishabille*, even to the farm-yard fowl which I saw strutting about in the cool comfort of half its feathers.

The promontory on which the hotel and cottages stand is a wondrously beautiful spot, in which one revels in laziest *dolce far niente*, or, in active eagerness, climbs to the summit of the sand hills to feast one's eyes in the breadth of view. Oh, how one glories in the lavish extent of sky, land and water, after the pent up life of cities. One longs to carry away with him a lasting memory of such a scene to brighten darker days, drearier times.

To the east one is within easy reach of, for situation, that King among towns, Kingston with its enchanting and varied Saint Lawrence water trips.

Again, the bracing air on the promontory banishes the "blues," putting the whole horde to flight, drowning them in the wide waters of Lake Ontario.

About and in the vicinity are some of the most delightful walks and drives in Canada. The sweet-scented woodland with its wealth of pines, balsam and cedar holds in it an endless and ever-varying charm. Here our Martin or Bruenech would find warm artist bits their souls would revel in, with something of life too, in mayhap a stray couple or group of guests from the hotel in gay gipsy trappings, or they might come upon cattle lazily content and dozing in the cool shadows.

There for contrast, for you know that man's nature is changeful, one bends one's steps down the southerly point to the rock-bound shore in which are the coolest, cosiest little coves in which one can hide and dream, gazing out on the waters which lap one's bare feet in a deliciously cool caress; and though one may be in solitude save for a novel, one is not lonely, for the water, changeful as man, is about and around one in sympathy with whatever mood is uppermost. On the long stretches of huge flat boulders which form such comfortable seats or health-giving promenades should Bell-Smith come and set up his easel, he would find many a study for his beautiful pictures.

Another attraction is the invitingly extensive sand beach which woos one to become, *pro tem.*, a nymph or water sprite. But the white sand hills! the miniature mountains! How can one convey an idea of their wonderful appearance, many of them two hundred feet in height; one a long ridge, its summit an even line of some six hundred feet sharply outlined against the sky, its base resting upon the rich verdure studded with a belt of cedar which bars, in a measure, its stealthy encroachment.

Climbing to the summit, which, after rain, is firm to one's feet—having carried a spade—by digging a few feet in depth, one comes to the cool snow resting quietly in its strange bed. In the white moon-light one has curious fancies of some ghostly agent walking by night in mystic whiteness over these strange white hills, and shifting or guiding them at will.

A word-painting gives but a very faint idea of the contrast they present to the rich farms, the glowing fields, the corn ripe unto harvest.

The sunsets from the hills or by the shore are marvels of beauty, and exclamations of delight break involuntarily from every lip or are expressed in the hush of a silent joy.

Such is the paradise in our own Ontario, so beautiful and so little known to Canadians.

ANNIE G. SAVIGNY.

## Music.

Monday evening was a busy one for the poor wretch who had to be at both College of Music and Association Hall. And then the heat! not so bad out of doors but in the crowded rooms it was like a stew pan. I think that we ought to add to the two thousand and odd by-laws made for the government of the city, by introducing one that would make it a punishable offence to give a concert within doors after June 1. In the interests of a suffering, stewing, sweltering humanity, Mr. Kelso should take the matter up. It was not so bad at Association Hall where a convenient wood pile enabled me to be cool while I listened.

At the College the Doerings from Halifax, N. S., gave a recital. Mr. Ernest Doering and Frau Marianna Doering-Brauer were on their way to Chicago, after visits at Montreal and Ottawa, where they also gave recitals. Mr. Torrington very generously placed the hall of the College of Music at their disposal, and a large audience was assembled by invitation. Mr. Doering proved himself a violincellist of no mean capacity. He had a noble, large tone, virile and solid in quality. It has little of the nasal tone so frequently heard from the 'cello, but is clear and distinct. He has full command over the shading of his work and never loses the clearness of tone, even in his pianissimos, yet there is a roughness which attends with equal fidelity, on all his work. His execution is extremely facile and certain, and his capacity in this respect leaves nothing to be wished for. Yet there is a lack of delicacy and elegance in his playing. Double-stopping, arpeggio, chromatic work and harmonic notes were all distinct and correct, but there was through all a lack of refinement of tone. His selections were sufficiently varied to meet the demands of all tastes. He played with Frau Doering-Brauer a sonata for 'cello and piano, by Rubinstein—a fine, broad composition, though decidedly reminiscent in its last movement—Servais' Fantasie Variations, Handel's Largo, Schumann's Träumerei, and De Swert's Carnival de Venice.

Frau Doering-Brauer is a very genial and pleasant-looking lady, and her piano playing accords with her appearance. It is genial and bright, without great depths of feeling or sentiment. Bright and ready, with no lack of power, her playing pleases, but with a powerful piano in a room not any too large, it soon begins to impress the listener with a wish for a diminution of dynamic effect. She has great execution and technical fluency, and with a greater observance of the soft side of her tonal contrasts would make a still more pleasing player. In the Rubinstein Sonata it was sometimes impossible to hear the alto in its pianissimo passages. Frau Doering-Brauer's selections were an Impromptu by Schubert and Fantasie Variations by Liszt. Miss Scrimger sang very acceptably, her contributions to the evening's enjoyment being With Verdure Clad and Bid Me Discourse.

A hurried departure from the college and a scramble over to Association Hall brought me in view of a programme of sixteen numbers of which not a few were in themselves long. But the large audience bravely sat out the programme and the heat. The performers were all pupils of the Conservatory, the teachers represented being Mr. Edward Fisher, Mrs. J. W. Bradley, Mr. Guiseppe Dinelli, Signor F. D'Auria and Mr. S. H. Clark. The pupils showed themselves especially proficient in the piano department, in which the pieces played were mostly movements and concertos, accompanied by a second piano played by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, and the Conservatory String Quartette, comprising Messrs. Bayley, Napolitano, D'Auria and Dinelli. These accompaniments were excellently played and greatly enhanced the popularity of the solos. The young ladies who played the solos were Miss Charlotte Chaplin, Miss Louie McDowell, Miss Ethelind G. Thomas, Miss Louie Reeve and Miss Kathleen Stayner. All gave very finished performances, decidedly creditable to their teachers. Vocal numbers were contributed by Miss Anna McWhinny, Mr. Bruce Bradley, Miss Frances H. Dean, Mr. Edmund Piric, Miss Lizzie Walker, Mr. Wm. Robinson and Miss Eva N. Roblin. These ladies and gentlemen are all gifted by nature with exceedingly pleasing voices, and their teachers have worked very conscientiously to develop their natural gifts. A fault that struck me as being present in all the singers, was that of an exceedingly slow tempo, which rather took away from the brightness of their renditions. Two young ladies, Miss Lena Hayes and Miss Maude Fairbairn, gave two very difficult violin solos, which were received with great applause. The recitations given by Miss Rosa Stern and Mr. E. J. Ebbels were more than ordinarily good. These, with a very fairly played organ solo by Miss Florence Brown, made up the programme. Hon. Justice MacLennan presented the diplomas of the Conservatory to the following graduates:

Theory—Misses Eleanor A. Dallas, Annie Johnson, Maude Fairbairn, Sara E. Dallas, Kate Hutcheson, Alice A. Smith, Isabella Geddes, Constance Lea, Rowena E. Hellewell, Jennie M. Edmondson, Emily May Fensom, Lottie McMullen. Piano—Kathleen B. Stayner, Louie Reeve. Organ—Florence Brown. Violin—Maude Fairbairn. Vocal—Lizzie L. Walker, Wm. M. Robinson. Piano teachers' diploma—Normal course—Sara E. Dallas, Annie Johnson, Ethelind G. Thomas, Maud Gordon, Donald Herald, Emily M. Fensom. Mrs. Edgar Jarvis' silver medal was presented to Miss Bertha Dixie

I append a few items of gossip as to people well known here: Mr. Barrington Foote, who was here with the Albani Concert Company, is now in America and will "do" the watering places during the summer. Mons. Ovide Musin, the well known violinist, sailed for Europe on Saturday, and will, during his stay there, marry Mlle. Folville, a gifted lady who is a violinist, a pianist, a composer, and an orchestral conductor. They will have a remarkable wedding tour, reaching from Paris across the Atlantic, then a season of concerts across the continent, covering thirty weeks, winding up with a trip to Australia. Mrs. Annie Louise Tanner, who was with Mons. Musin's company for three seasons, goes to Europe to study grand opera. Mme. Carreno has been continuing her successes in Europe, Vienna having been the last place to capitulate to the fair pianist. She is now resting in Paris.

METRONOME.

## The Drama.

*The Argonaut* has the following sketch of that *fin de Siecle* creature the amateur actress: The importance and prestige of the amateur actor and actress of Gotham are things hardly to be realized outside the metropolis. The amateur of the old days was a "clever fellow" or a "bright girl" who had a fad for acting, and once or twice in the season studied up a part in the intervals of office-work or while her maid brushed her back-hair. Then came half-a dozen rehearsals in the drawing-room bay window, and then the play, with no scenery, a row of kerosene lamps and candles for footlights, and a pair of old plush curtains pulled back by ropes and pulleys for the drop.

The amateur actress of to-day is not two moves from a professional. People who have not lived in close vicinity with one of these hybrid artists can not realize the peculiar position she fills, the peculiar glory attaching to her genius, the peculiar publicity given to her movements, the peculiar importance of her station as one of the leading amateurs in town. She is almost a public character, holding a somewhat similar place in the gamut of notables to that occupied by the after-dinner speaker. Horace Porter and Elsie de Wolfe are about of equal interest to the public at large. Everybody knows about them. There sands of people, who to them are but names in the directory, know every movement of the celebrated amateur and every *bon mot* in the after-dinner speaker's last speech. When one or the other enters a place of public amusement, a hundred heads turn excitedly to have a good stare at them, just as they would turn to look at the President, or Carmencita, or Bernhardt, or Jo-Jo, the dog-faced boy.

The amateur's name is on every tongue. Her appearance, her dress, her friends, her actions, her character, her talents, are discussed by the world at large. She seems to exercise a singular fascination over the public mind. The charm of an actress attaches to her, and the charm of a woman of the world. She has not the recklessness of the former, nor yet the indifferent reserve of the latter. She is half the public's and half society's. Her attitude is frank and friendly to her mixed audience, and then again it has in it somewhat of a demure shyness. The publicity of her career is supposed to end when she leaves the stage. Of a truth, however, she has now become so much of a personage that the white light which beats upon a throne is beginning to glare on her private life too. We hear all sorts of little intimate details about her. She curls her hair on bits of kid, she wears number three shoes and never has her stockings darned. She admires Daudet of all modern novelists, and can not bear Howells. She thinks it absolutely sinful to spoil the heaven-born grace of her figure with corsets, and is inclined to think that "Almond Flower Cream" is really wonderful for the complexion. In the morning she always takes toast and fruit for breakfast, and at night, before going to bed, she exercises with dumb-bells for an hour and is then rubbed down with alcohol and a Turkish towel.

She is known by sight, too, just as a great actress is. Some afternoons since, a wanderer on the avenue might have been struck by the progress of a carriage up toward the reservoir—struck by the progress because it seemed such a triumphal one. Everybody stared at the occupant of this carriage, the very drivers of the slow, rumbling stages seemed to glance at her with admiring recognition. People on the streets turned their heads to look after her. Men hurried their pace to keep her in sight a moment longer. Loungers up the side streets, catching a glimpse of her dark, regular profile, rushed along, exclaiming to one another, "By George—there goes Gwendoline Brown!" And in the club windows there was a crowding of heads to peer after her, and a murmuring of voices:

"Say, fellers—did you see Gwenny Brown?"

The occupant of the carriage, Miss Gwendoline Brown, the successful amateur actress, did not appear flurried by the excitement she caused. She took it calmly as one used to side-walk adulation. About her whole attitude, figure, and get-up there was the suggestion of "pose" which marks the actress. She was got up for the occasion, carefully, with a keen eye to the general effect. Miss Gwendoline Brown is the daughter of old Magnum Brown, the immensely rich stock-broker. She is one of the nicest and quietest girls in town, drawing her blood on her mother's side from a fine old Dutch stock, very conservative and respectable for eight generations. Yet when she takes this afternoon drive, she is rigged out with as obvious an intention to make an effect as if she were Mlle. Olympe Zabriski, the Human Fly, who hangs head-downward from the trapeze every night at Niblo's in the new spectacular performance.

This particular afternoon she is spring-like and striking in fawn colored cloth, which stands out well against the black silk lining of her victoria. She has a dark, rich skin and heavy, inky hair brushed back in smooth glossiness from her forehead. Her face is slightly oriental in its general suggestion, the eyes velvety and having a soft and sleepy look, the nose inclined to be flat on the tip, which makes the profile look a little bit like the Sphinx. On the top of this dark, foreign-looking head there is a modish, Frenchified hat, having the mashed-up appearance which marks the prevailing style, a light straw hat full of yellow flowers nodding on long stalks, bows of ribbon, and bits of lace. A parasol with a yellow gauze frill, is held languidly over one shoulder, and still further intensifies by contrast the dark, olive tint of her smooth skin. In her ungloved hand, which is thin, brown, and covered with turquoises, she holds a yellow-covered pamphlet, upon which her eyes are fixed. The crowd gazes upon this with awe. So busy is Gwenny Brown with matters theatrical that she has to learn her part while taking her afternoon drive.

Toward summer she "takes a rest," like the professionals. She has worked so hard that the doctors say a rest is necessary or there will be collapse of the nervous system. Change of air, a European trip, is prescribed. The papers all immediately chronicle the departure of Miss Gwendoline Brown and her mother for Europe, where she will visit some of the foreign spas for rest and to take the waters, then spend some time in Paris with the modistes, arranging for the superb wardrobe that she will wear next season in her production of "The School for Scandal" at the Berkeley Lyceum.

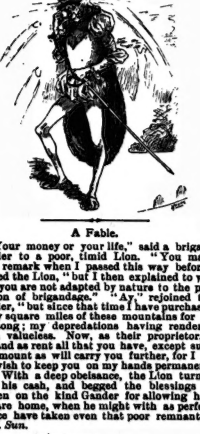
The *Aurania* takes Miss Gwendoline Brown and her mother out for foreign parts on the finest spring morning. Fifty people have come to see them off, and fifty more stand round and stare at the famous amateur as she bids adieu to her friends. In her cabin the flowers are piled in mountains. In the hold her trunks are mighty and numerous. She has a maid with her, a stack of plays to run over, a pet dog, a wicker demijohn of eau de-colonge and a mamma. The reporters busy themselves with describing these adjuncts of genius, but nobody else notices them. The crowd, as they press round the brilliant Miss Brown, hustle her mamma off into a corner and stare their fill at the lovely daughter, who, in the lofty way of fine ladies, courts and yearns for this silent, absorbed admiration of The Other Half. They notice that she is dignified and graceful, that her well bred voice is somewhat high, as is natural to one accustomed to speak for large audiences, that her handsome face is a trifle worn and haggard from the arduous duties of the winter campaign, that in her address and appearance there are a dozen little signs that she has emancipated herself from the cast iron laws of the simple, unadulterated woman of fashion—carries her gloves in her hand; her foot, as she thrusts it out, is clad in the high-heeled, Louis Quinze shoe that fashion has so long discarded; through her spotted veil her nose shows whitely under a thick coat of powder, and her figure has the square, lithe look which bespeaks the absence of confining steel or whalebone.

With the autumn commences her work—and it is genuine work. This young woman, who has fifteen thousand a year in her own right, labors as hard with "her art," as she calls it, as the plump soubrette who has to support a helpless husband and three small children. Miss Brown, back from Europe, goes seriously to work with a teacher from one of the best companies. She gives her social duties up to her mother because she really has no time to attend to them. She works for hours on a stretch over difficult passages in the new part she is to play in Christmas week at Tuxedo. Signor Bing-Binga, the trainer, thinks she is wanting in dramatic force. She is exquisite in the lighter scenes, but where force and feeling are required she is not an entire success. She studies, then, to increase her dramatic power. All morning she shuts herself up in her boudoir, stands before the long mirror and goes through the "strong scenes" of the new piece. You can hear her screaming all over the house; then she stamps and sobs, and then comes a crashing fall, which makes the chandeliers tremble. The new servants think she is insane and give warning. At lunch she comes down quite pale and exhausted, her hair disheveled, a lace scarf tied round her throat, and her voice husky from screaming.

The new play is a brilliant success. Miss Gwendoline Brown's amazing talents receive due recognition from her social admirers and from the press. They say Palmer has offered her the position of leading lady, at a hundred dollars a performance, and it is rumored that Daly considers her, of all living actresses, second only to Ada Rehan. As the season progresses she gets what they would term in the ministry "a call." Languishing charities in different cities politely request Miss Gwendoline Brown to come and give a performance of "She Stoops to Conquer" for the benefit of the Orphaned Grandfathers' Home. Miss Brown considers the proposition. Accompanied by the *jeune premier* and the soubrette, she takes a flying visit to the suburb where her distinguished services are required, looks at the temple of Thespis in which she is kindly requested to cover herself with glory, surveys the dressing rooms where she is to don her fine Worth costumes one after the other, and finally comes to the conclusion that she will condescend to restore the Orphaned Grandfathers' to a condition of opulence and ease.

That evening at dinner, over the walnuts and the wine, she discusses her engagement with the leading gentleman—a smooth-faced, placid, languid young man, of large fortune and histrionic ambition. Her mother and father are used to this talk, and pay no heed to it. Occasionally, old Magnum Brown asks her for pipes, and hears how next week "the company" are to play The Russian Honey-Moon at Baltimore for the Armless Veterans of the late war, and in the first week in January they are billed to play The Scrap of Paper at Orange for the Disabled Members of the Essex County Hunt. Miss Gwendoline's time is tremendously occupied, and the enfeebled charities she renovates by her efforts ought to rise up and call her blessed. Already she begins to look fagged and tired. But she has tasted of the elixir of success, she has felt her soul sing as she heard the plaudits rise to the roof. No man, no marriage, no idyllic dream of romantic happiness can lure her from the career she loves. Secretly and furtively, under her eyelids, she has her eyes fixed on the professional stage.

### Ham and Eggs.



### A Fable.

"Your money or your life," said a brigand Gander to a poor, timid Lion. "You made that remark when I passed this way before," replied the Lion, "but I then explained to you that you are not adapted by nature to the profession of brigandage." "Ay," rejoined the Gander, "but since that time I have purchased many square miles of these mountains for an old song; my depredations having rendered them valueless. Now, as their proprietor, I demand as rent all that you have, except such an amount as will carry you further, for I do not wish to keep you on my hands permanently." With a deep obeisance, the Lion turned over his cash, and begged the blessings of heaven on the kind Gander for allowing him car fare home, when he might with as perfect justice have taken even that poor remnant.—*N. Y. Sun.*

### His Choice

Proud Father (showing off his boy before company)—My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Edison?

Little Son (after meditation)—I'd rather be Edison.

"Yes? Why?"

"Cause he ain't dead."

### The Rose Fairies.

*For Saturday Night:*

IN CHORUS.

Nightly in the moonlight dancing,
In bright chambers, velvet-floored
Laughing, singing songs entrancing
Tuned unto a moon-ray chord;

Amorous odors ever breathing,
Lovers' messengers are we:
Maiden sighings, passion seething,
Hopes or fears we'd bear for thee.

FROM A BLUSH ROSE.

Mission mine to breathe the rarest,
Sweetest phase of earthly love,
Purest passion of maids fairest,
Earthly glimpse of heaven above.

FROM A PINK ROSE.

Saddest one of all the roses,
Tearful perfumes rise from me;
And to maids my heart discloses
Youth's unhoping constancy.

FROM A WHITE ROSE.

I'm the rose the maid half doubting,
For her lover sets apart,
Drops it for him, laughing, pouting,
Willful, knowing not her heart.

FROM A CRIMSON ROSE.

Type of passion, fierce and fleeting,
'Gainst the sender's lips I'm pressed,
Then go forth and feel the beating
Of th' enamored maiden's breast.

FROM A YELLOW ROSE.

Bitter sobbing and repining
O'er small things misunderstood,
Breathe I, shadowing love's shining,
Evil creeping out of good.

IN CHORUS.

When the moon's brief reign is closing,
To the roses' hearts we flee;
In those perfumed haunts reposing,
Messengers of love are we.

H. W. CHARLESWORTH.

### Meditation.

*For Saturday Night.*

Sad are the thoughts that sweep o'er me,
As I wander on the green hills afar,
And heavy the burdens of life seem,
The sweet thoughts of Heaven to bar.

But as dreamily onward I wander,
The thought seems to come floating to me,
"Surely this life we are dreaming,
A reality—it cannot be!"

As slowly the shadows come creeping
From the hills far out in the west;
A solemn stillness creeps o'er me,
As the glorious light sinks to rest.

But though the shadows have darkened
The earth in its glorious light,
Still dreaming longer I wander,
And 'neathe long into the night.

I see far the distant *dawn rising,
And think of our shortening decay,
But far o'er these sad thoughts arising,
The day's glimmer passes away.

Then I think though of earth we be little,
And our memory all shortly forget,
I remember as the last rays settle,
That hope on us lastly has set.

* Generations. W. ARD.

### The Song of Our Children's Children

*For Saturday Night.*

'Tis well that we solemnly bore him along,
With the bells of his Canada throbbing
Their sorrow full tales forth with tremulous tongue
And the heart of his Canada sobbing.

'Tis well that he rests in Canadian earth,
And in good British soil he repases,
With his loving old head, thank God for its birth,
Fast asleep in Canadian roses.

He fought like a hero, he fought not for gold,
He fought not for self nor for glory;
He died in the harness, undaunted and bold,
A patriot, Briton and Tory.

He found us in winter, he left us in June,
With a bountiful harvest before us,
And bosoms inspir'd by the thrill and the tune
Of the birds of the forest in chorus.

'Tis well that we cherish the magical name
Of fair Canada's father and chieftain;
For shall not Sir John A. Macdonald's great fame
Be the song of our children's children.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

### Sa Jolie Belle-Soeur.

*For Saturday Night.*

She was crystallized from sweetness;
She was always dressed with neatness
And taste.
Joe was sure to have a weakness
To entwine about his fleetness
Her waist.
When he'd catch her in a corner,
Ah! he would not wait to warn her,
But kiss!
How her blushes did adorn her!
Joe a second was a scorner
In bliss.
He was sure she had a meek grace
Till she gave his leering cheek face
A slap!
Oz the stairs he heard a quick pace;
With his spouse he ran a stick race—
Flip! flap!
Phew! His wife did make him blister,
When she knew that he had kissed her—
Oh, pshaw!
So I hope you shall not whisper
This of Joseph and his sister-
In-law!

TORONTO, CANADA. ALEXANDER COPLAND.

## Noted People.

M. Eiffel, the civil engineer, lives up on the Jungfrau, in the Swiss Alps. He has just obtained permission to build a railroad up the mountain to his very dwelling.

Edward Bellamy, it is stated, has received royalties of thirty thousand dollars from his Looking Backward. For six generations his grandfathers have been clergymen.

Dom Pedro and twenty-four persons of his suite put at an Alpine hotel, which was run on royal principles during his stay, and, when he came to pay the bill, dazed the proprietor by settling in Cook's coupons.

A clew to Emin Pasha's objection to being "rescued" by Henry M. Stanley lies in the statement that since his return to the interior of Africa he has sent to the coast a consignment of ivory valued at nearly five hundred thousand dollars.

Princess Helene Sangusko, at one time a noted Polish beauty, died last month. She was one of the most influential women at the court of Napoleon the Third and was vainly sought in marriage by Napoleon, prior to his introduction by Evans to the Countess Eugenie Montijo.

Pierre Loti, the new French immortal, is not the effeminate epicurean one might expect from his writings. A Paris letter describes him as short, squat, and burly, turned forty, and looking the bluff, hearty tar that he is. He is not a society man, and wears his naval uniform at dinners and evening parties.

James Whitcomb Riley and Ella Wheeler Wilcox were more than friends years ago, it is said. Both were poor, however, and neither had attained a national reputation at that time. Whether or not Mrs. Wilcox ever intended to marry the Hoosier poet, Riley himself was nearly heart-broken when their cordial relations were sundered.

While ex-Governor Waller was in the washroom of the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, a few days ago, a sneak-thief seized his gold-headed cane and ran. Although the Connecticut statesman's face and hands were covered with soap-suds, he gave chase and caught the fellow; but, before he got back to the washroom again, some one had taken his silk hat.

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, who railed from Boston eight years ago as a World missionary, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., has just returned, having visited every quarter of the globe, and having availed herself during her journey of the services of 229 interpreters in forty-seven languages. She has founded numerous temperance societies in Japan, India and Madagascar.

The Empress Carlotta, widow of the murdered Maximilian, has just recovered her reason, and simultaneously with her recovery—the very day, in fact—General Lopez, the betrayer of her husband, was bitten by a mad dog. The betrayal of Maximilian happened a quarter of a century ago, but the empress is little more than fifty years old, and until now has not had the remotest idea how her husband died.

Ever since her marriage Mrs. Gladstone has been her husband's companion at all times and on all occasions. She is always with him in Parliament when he speaks, and when the speech is over she looks after his personal comfort by wrapping him in shawls or bringing him a cup of hot tea to refresh him. Mrs. Gladstone is now nearly eighty, but she bears her age well. Her form is quite straight, her eyes sparkle, and her conversation is as bright and clever as it ever was.

Prince George of Greece, who received the thanks of the Czar for rescuing his cousin, the Czarowitz, from the mad Japanese, is a young Hercules. He is almost six feet four inches tall, and is built in proportion. His natural strength has been increased by his service in the navy. While in the Danish navy he was the idol of the sailors. He delighted in measuring his strength with the strongest tars. He can climb a mast barefooted as well as the best sailor, and is also a good boxer.

Thomas Wagstaff, a rural postman from Chesterfield to Holmesfield, died on the 25th May, aged sixty-seven years. He was postman for the district for thirty-eight years, and it is estimated that he walked the distance of 202 100 miles on his round—more than eight times the circumference of the earth. During the time he served he was only absent four weeks from duty—two weeks sick leave and two weeks annual leave. Six days out of the latter time he walked the round with his substitute, and declined to have any more holidays. He never had any disease, but the bitter east wind during March proved too much for him, and he died through an attack of bronchitis.

There lately arrived at Memel, a seaport town of Prussia, a bent, white-haired, and careworn man whose coming produced a sensation. He was Gustav Gebhardt, who forty years ago was a butcher in Memel, and was accused of having committed a double murder and was condemned to death. On the morning set for the execution his cell was found empty, and he could never be traced. After some years a respectable citizen, when on the point of death, confessed that he was the murderer, and, therefore, that Gebhardt was innocent. Advertisements of this news were inserted in native and foreign papers, summoning Gebhardt to return to Memel, but nothing was heard of him. At last, however, the facts reached his ear, and he came back to his home.

The Queen has just completed her seventy-second year, Her Majesty having been born at Kensington Palace on May 24, 1819. The following statement of the ages of the various European Monarchs will be interesting:—The King of Denmark, who is the oldest living sovereign, is 73; the Queen of England, 72; the King of Wurtemberg, 68; the King of Saxony, 63; the King of Sweden and Norway, 62; the Emperor of Austria, 50; the King of the Belgians, 56; the King of Roumania, 52; the Sultan of Turkey, 48; the King of Italy, 47; the King of the Hellenes, 45; the King of Bavaria, 43; the German Emperor, 32; the King of Portugal, 27; the King of Servia, 14; the Queen of the Netherlands, 10; and the King of Spain, 3. Leo XIII., the Pope, is 81, thus exceeding by eight years the age of any crowned monarch.

## Alice Ayers.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

*For Saturday Night.*

One cold and dismal April night, when London lay in sleep,
Ere yet the welcome dawn of day had ventured forth to peep
When babes and mothers, loving ones, were wrapped in sweet repose,
Along the borough's silent street a startling cry arose.
It was the awful cry of "Fire!" Ah, there are some can tell
How that hoarse cry has been to one they dearly loved, a knell!
Those who have lost some dear one thro' the monster's fierce surprise,
Can only tell what terror in that awful echo lies!
Dark was the night when "Fire!" arose, and passed from throat to throat,
And soon the curling wreaths of smoke were in the air afloat;
Thin, but soon thicker, and anon, as ope'd the window sash,
There darted out into the night a red and angry flash!
Where's the brigade? Come forth ye braves who wait at duty's call,
Who guard the lives of London town when night is over all!
They come! they come! Ah, do not fear! A British fire brigade
Shall ne'er be dubbed as laggards when the people wants its aid.
See the red lamps!—the helmets gleam! And hark, the trumpets blare!
The fire brigade is wanted and the fire brigade is there!
But whilst these gallant fellows fight the furious demon king,
Whilst all their efforts to their task with lightning speed they bring,
Within that house, in plight to make the stoutest heart afraid,
'Mid all the scorching flames and smoke there stands a simple maid.
Frail is her form, but 'neath her breast there beats a daring heart,
Whose impulse teaches that young girl to play a heroine's part.
She's but a lowly nurse maid, and within her charge that night
There are three tender babes, perhaps, of home the joy and light;
And as she stands amidst the flames, but one thought fills her mind:
"I'll save those children, helpless ones, though I be left behind!"
She seizes on a feather bed; she drags it o'er the floor;
She thrusts it thro' the window and the crowd begin to roar;
They see her plain! They cheer her, and a hundred hands are there
To catch the bulky cushion and hold it in the air!
Back to the babes, through fire and smoke! She grasps one—God knows how;
But she drops it safely on the bed held up by friends below.
The hot flames dart around her, and the smoke now makes her gasp,
But she saves another victim from the monster's fiery clasp!
A third she saves! Then with a prayer herself she downward flings.
Oh! why did not an angel stoop and aid her with its wings!
For she missed the mark that she had thrown those helpless babes to save.
And Alice Ayers, this heroine, lay prone upon the pave!
. . . . . .
She lies in Isleworth graveyard, and the strangers as they pass,
Drop many a tear in honor of that brave young English lass.
She did not die. Such names as hers will never, never die;
They make our British blood run hot, our British hearts beat high.
And as we linger near her tomb, by grateful laurels crown'd,
We ask, "What braver act than hers could on the earth be found?"
Oa battle-fields, where strong men fight, what hero's deed compares
With the noble true, self-sacrifice of th's nursemaid, Alice Ayers?

PEMBROKE ST., TORONTO. E. S. JACKSON.

Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Premier of Canada.

## Worms for Bait.

As I strolled along Jarvis street in the gloaming the other evening, picking the skirts of my gown from the wet pavement, I came upon in this fashionable avenue a bit of juvenile tyranny that amused me. A rag-tail trio, each with a battered old tin, were on their knees on the soaking boulevard gathering earth worms as bait for the unsuspecting catfish of the Don river, when all at once their hunting ground was invaded by three or four little lads, one of them carrying a small lighted lamp, and all emerging from the palatial mansion immediately near. One little chubby-faced, square-shouldered chap, thrusting the lamp into the midst of the hunters, bid them disperse, saying:

"Get off here, those worms are mine."

"No they ain't," says rag-tail, dropping worms and tin into the lining of his jacket, "this 'ere grass 'longs to the city."

"Well, if it does, my father pays for the water that brings the worms up and I told our coachman to soak the lawn, boulevard, and whole business as I must have worms for bait."

And looking back I saw the rag-tail trio vanishing eastward, while one of the conquerors held the lamp down close to the soaking boulevard, the others reaping a fat harvest of worms coaxed upwards by the water that should be swelling the reservoir.

And I was reminded, as I strolled along picking my steps in the miniature lakes and rivers upon the flagged pavement, of a lady residing in the vicinity, who has told me that owing to attacks of rheumatism she and several of her women friends are unable to enjoy a stroll on Jarvis street on the lovely evenings we are having, by reason of the great demand of—Worms for Bait. A. G. S.

Lady Brooke.

The story of Lady Brooke's connection with the Cumming baccarat case, and of her friendship for the Prince of Wales is too well known to admit of repetition. The portrait gives a good idea of her far-famed beauty.

## The Arkansas Planter.

The planter on a plantation is expected to direct all undertakings of pleasure or profit. In most cases he is postmaster, justice of the peace, free doctor, and matrimonial adviser for the neighborhood.

Such a scene as this is common: Scene, the store. Dramatis personæ, the planter and Jeff Laughlin, whose wife has been dead full two months.

Laughlin—Well, no, sir, I ain't come for tradin' to-day; I aimed to ask you' advice.

Polite but inarticulate murmur from planter, who goes on posting up his ledger.

Laughlin (whittling abstractedly on the rim of the desk)—Well, you see, my mother-in-law, she's a mighty nice old lady, and she gits a pension of eight dollars a month, and spends ever cent on it fur the childen; but, fact is she's so old and so nigh-sighted she jest natchelly cayn't keep things up; and it's too hard for her, and it's jest breaking her down. And I jest 'lowed I'd ask you' advice.

Planter—Well, Laughlin, I don't see anything for it but for you to marry again!

Laughlin (brightening considerably)—Well, I don't see anything else I kin do. I hate to terribly; but looks like I jest natchelly ben obleged to.

Planter—Had you anybody in your mind, Laughlin?

Laughlin—I reckon Phonetta Rose wouldn't have me?

Planter (with truthful frankness)—No, I don't reckon she would.

Laughlin—I 'lowed she'd think I'd got too many children.

Planter—Yes, I dare say.

Laughlin—They're mighty nice, still children, and make a strong force for the cotton field.

Planter—They seem nice children.

Laughlin (very agitated)—I—I—say, Mist' Planter, don't you guess you could write a letter to Miss Phonetta, and ask her for me?

Planter—Well, no, Mr. Laughlin. I don't think she would take kindly to have any other man do her sweetheart's courting. You speak up for yourself!

Laughlin (despondently)—Yes, sir, I'll turn it over in my mind; but you see I'd hate terrible for to have her say no to me right to my face, and twudn't be nigh so bad in a letter. And I ain't much in the habit of writin' letters to myself (which was strictly true, Laughlin being barely able to sign his name and "read writin'"), so I didn't know but you, etc.

Unlucky Laughlin! he has reached the boundary line of the planter's amiability. "I won't write love letters and I won't pull teeth!" declares the planter; and Laughlin goes his way to propose to Phonetta in form, on their way home from "playing games" at a neighbor's, to be rejected, and to feel ever afterward that if "Mist' Planter 'd named it to her, instead, she'd of talked different."

But we foresee that he will be consoled. In this country widowers spend no long time in mourning. Six months are all that the most decorous would ask; most widowers wait three months, two months, or only one. This haste does not imply hardness of heart so much as a hard life. What, indeed, shall a man do who has three or four little children, a big field waiting his hand outside, and no woman to guide things!—*Octave Thanet in Atlantic.*

## How They Vote in Japan.

The polls had opened at eight o'clock, and one by one the farmers had come straggling in from the surrounding country. The greater number gathered in the small meeting-hall just outside the polling-room, whence arose a quiet buzzing. It was a reminder of the gathering in the churchyard on Sunday, in old times, between the morning and the afternoon services.

There was a little laughter, less loud argument, and no angry disputing. Every now and then, like bees leaving a hive, a figure was seen to separate from the rest and move off toward the polling-room, and anon another returned. One saw among them here and there the modern Japanese, with his imitation of foreign garments, in appearance seldom elegant, often awkward, and generally out of harmony with the surroundings. But chiefly there came the old-fashioned rustic, in his best silk robes, with square shaven crown and short queue caught up and tied—perhaps wearing the *hakama*, or divided skirt, of the old *samurai*. A gentleman to every act, he bows, as he enters, to the official at the door, carefully writes his ballot and affixes his seal, then with great deliberation folds it and places it in the oblong official envelope. For some of the voters it is necessary to seek the assistance of a special clerk in writing their ballots. It is not that they cannot write, for everybody knows the plebeian *kana* or syllabic writing. They prefer to see the ballots inscribed with the more elegant Chinese characters; and then, too, the *kana* is sometimes ambiguous (for some words have a dozen different meanings), and there is a natural perturbation and a desire to have their meaning clearly and correctly conveyed. When the writing is finished the long-sleeved voter walks over to the *tachiainin*, or inspectors. Here further effusions of politeness take place, while the voter gives his name, number and address, and is checked off on the register. Then, with another gesture of courtesy, he turns to the ballot-box, and with a bow, perhaps in duplicate, to the kind old mayor who sits behind the box, he carefully deposits his ballot and quietly retires by another door.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

## The Toronto Athletic Club House.

Toronto has been hitherto without an athletic club house worthy of the name; but some months ago a number of gentlemen decided that this state of affairs should exist no longer and a committee was formed. This committee issued stock to the extent of $75,000, and in time a board of directors was appointed, composed of the following gentlemen: President, Hon. J. P. Robinson; vice-presidents, Dr. Larratt W. Smith, D.C.L., Mr. C. H. Nelson; directors—Mr W. T. Jennings, C.E., Sir Adam Wilson, Dr. John Ferguson, Capt. J. C. McGee, Mr. J. Massey, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Mr. John Henderson, Mr. Charles Hunter, Mr. J. P. Murray; secretary-treasurer, Capt. Greville Harstone. Plans for a building have been prepared, and the accepted design, of which a cut is here given, will be proceeded with at once on the Sleepy Hollow grounds, College avenue. At present Architect Lennox is in New York visiting the Manhattan club, which has the finest building of the kind in the world, with a view to acting on any good suggestion which he may there obtain. Of the $75,000 stock $66,000 has already been placed, and it is desirous that the balance should be taken up as soon as possible. The shares are $25 each, and entitle one to free entrance to the club. The ordinary club fees will be $25 for entrance and $10 for annual free, so that the purchaser of stock is enabled to pay what constitutes an entrance fee in five calls instead of in a lump sum, besides becoming possessed of stock that in time will become very valuable.

## The Countess of Clancarty.

The progress of Belle Bilton from a music hall singer to a countess has been traced in the newspapers time and again. People are now becoming somewhat kindly disposed towards the persecuted woman and she will probably ultimately be received in the "best" society of England as an equal. In the meantime she is supporting her noble husband, and commands $500 per week from Augustus Harris, the well-known London manager.

### English and American Journalists.

It is to be supposed that men of the same general calibre of brain and the same tastes become journalists in England and America. It cannot be alleged that either country has any advantage over the other in this regard, or that the journals of one can claim any intrinsic superiority over those of the other. The differences between them are the result of the conditions under which they are published. While the English news-gatherers are cribbed, cabined, and confined by rules of law and custom, the freedom of the press in England is found in the editorial column. The paper has a right to express its opinion of men and measures as it may see fit. Even the awful contempt of court becomes an almost harmless bugaboo before the pens of skilful men of brains. It is natural, then, that the genius of English journalism should expand along the line of least resistance, and that the editorial column should, because of its greater freedom and greater opportunity, attract to itself the men of the greatest mental power. In the United States the conditions are reversed. From the importance of news and the freedom which is accorded to the news-gatherer, the best and strongest men find their opportunity in the news side of the paper. I do not mean that they never become editorial writers, but I do mean that many of the reporters of the American press are the peers of any editors on earth. An English reporter, if he be possessed of brains, looks forward to the time when he can rise to an editorial position, for many reasons—not the least of which is the increased amount of money he will receive. An American reporter can make as much money gathering news as he can by writing comments on it; and as many men prefer the active rather than the sedentary life, they do not care to make a change. This results in better work, in discovering new methods of doing it, and in attempts to break the record for brilliancy and enterprise.—*Lippincott's.*

### A Brutal Conductor.

"I can't let this girl travel over this road on that half ticket," said the new conductor.

"Why not? What is the matter with my little girl," asked the mother.

"She is no child. She is more that half grown."

"Well, if that don't beat everything then I'll give it up. Here poor little Mamie has been traveling over this road on a child's ticket for the last ten years, and now all at once she is no child. That's a new way to worry the traveling public."

The mother paid the fare, and then the girl pulled herself out like a telescope.—*Texas Siftings.*

### Two of a Kind.

"What!" exclaimed Editor McGary, "do you refuse to lend me five dollars!"

"I do, most certainly," replied his friend, Ham Cook.

"And you have called me your dear friend, your *alter ego*, or, in English, your other self!"

"That's just why I refuse to let you have the money. I'd never get it back. I'm that way myself. I never use money to pay my debts. We are two of a kind."

# CRAZY JANE.

By S. BARING-GOULD,

*Author of "Mehalah," "Court Royal," "The Pennycomequicks," &c., &c.*

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In Sussex a great bank of chalk downs stands up as if set as a natural sea-wall against the encroachments of the waves. Nothing can be conceived more barren, more dreary than this bank on its sea-ward slope. On the east coast of England—in Sussex, in Lincoln, in Suffolk and Norfolk—the energy of man has reclaimed tracts of low-lying land from the sea, and has held back the tide by sea-walls and walls that have a long gradually-declining escarpment towards the water. Against these the waves fling themselves, are broken, run up them, lose their force, and sneak back discomfited. On the land side these walls have an abrupt fall. Now the south coast of Sussex seems by nature to have been thus constructed as a great type after which men should build and recover land. About three or four miles inland—perhaps a little more—begins what is called the Weald, a flat rich, and beautiful land, well wooded, full of sweet villages and gentle pastures, with here and there an undulation, like a fold in green velvet, and here and there a pond occupying a deserted iron quarry. From this Wealden district rises to the south the abrupt scar of the South Downs, a mighty rampart of chalk, tilted up with its long easy slope seawards.

Did the mighty primeval ocean rage against the coast where now stand Brighton, Worthing and Shoreham? Did that great natural sea-wall of chalk restrain its waves and protect the Weald from inundation? We cannot say.

At one point in the summit of the chalk barrier is a trench cut deep through the soft white rock, and this is called the Devil's Dyke. The story told of that is that the enemy of mankind, looking down on the fertile Weald, envied its beauty and richness, and set to work one night to dig through the barrier so as to let the ocean in, to submerge the fair district. But he could do this only in one night. His power to work evil was limited. If he could make his canal before cock crow, well; but he might on no account resume the work if left incomplete in one night. Now there was a cottage on the height and in it lived an old Goodie, who was roused by the sound of digging and delving in the night. The night was dark, dark as Erebus; she opened her casement and peeped forth. Nothing was visible, but the earth quaked under the effects made by Mephistopheles. Then the Goodie, being an old fool, lit a candle, held it outside the window and screamed out, "Who's there? What are you a-doing?" Now a cock saw the candle, and thinking it was the first glimmer of dawn, began to crow. Then the evil one threw away his spade and fled in a rage. And, lo! there in the dyke is shown the half-finished work and the unejected shovelful of earth.

Such is the legend. In reality, no doubt, the dyke is a very ancient aboriginal fortification.

Now, mark a wonderful provision of nature. All the rain that falls along the range of chalk hills sinks in, soaks down, and might sink away to—goodness knows where, but that beneath the chalk lies a bed of very dense clay through which the water cannot descend, and between the chalk and the clay is strewn a narrow film of sand, called the green-sand, there hardly thicker than your hand. When the water has percolated through the chalk hills and is stopped by the clay, out it runs on the inland scarp, through the green-sand in a thousand crystal, cool and beautiful springs, thoroughly purified by this perfect filter.

On the inland flank of the South Downs, in a little coomb or valley scooped out of the chalk, gushed nine of these springs and fed a tarn or lake, not natural, but formed by an embankment thrown up to make a reservoir for a mill. Above this lake, set in the lap of the downs, were clumps of Scotch pines, and a wood of beech, in spring full of the purple and the white-scented wood orchis; on the downs about grew the quaintly beautiful bee-orchis, rare elsewhere save on chalk.

In a solitary cottage under the hill, in a shady spot where the sun rarely came, lived a widow and her daughter. The widow was very infirm, crippled with rheumatism, and was allowed eighteen-pence a week and a loaf by the parish. She was too weak and helpless to earn anything for herself, and she could not have subsisted, she and her child, on eighteen-pence and one loaf, had it not been for certain means of acquiring money that the neighborhood afforded. The South Down chalk hills abounded in hedge-hogs. They are to be found in burrows in great numbers, and at evening, when the dew is falling, the side of the down may be seen alive with these little creature scampering about seeking their prey. The widow's girl, Jane, a young girl, uncouth in form, with low brow and dull unintelligent eyes, was clever in finding hedgehogs, and these she carried about coiled up in a basket, and sold them to people who were troubled with slugs and snails in their gardens, or with cockroaches and black beetles in their kitchens. She got a shilling for each hedgehog and could, had the demand required it, have found a hedgehog *per diem*, which would have brought her in 365 shillings in the year, or £18 5s. 0d., a handsome income. But, unfortunately, the public were not athirst for hedgehogs; and the market was soon glutted. Consequently Jane had to seek other means of supporting money. She found dormice in the woods, and as there were two large schools for boys, Hurstpierpoint and Lancing, within a walk, and as in schools for boys there is money for the acquisition of dormice is insatiable, Crazy Jane, as the dull-witted girl was called, found that she could sell at 4d. each as many dormice as she could find. But then the dormice were only to be caught when hybernating. In summer they were too wideawake to allow themselves to be captured.

Another source of revenue was offered by the orchis plants on the Downs. Crazy Jane dug up the roots, collected bunches of the flowers, and trudged with them to Worthing or Brighton, where she was able to dispose of her flowers and of her tubers. Thus, the widow and her daughter had not merely eighteen-pence and a loaf to live on, but they lived also on dormice, hedge-hogs and orchis bulbs. She had long distances to go to dispose of her goods had Crazy Jane, but what matter distance to her? She was sturdily built, strong as a horse, and disregarded all kinds of bad weather. Jane had had no schooling, for she had been forced to attend the National School, but had been unable to acquire her letters; she could not write a pothook on the slate, nor do any calculations apart from hedge-hogs, dormice and bulbs. In all particulars relative to her business, she was keen—keen in exacting every penny, able to reckon up her gains; but apart from hedge-hogs, dormice and bulbs, she could not count and sum. So she had been dismissed her school as mentally incapable of acquiring knowledge. This permission to her to withdraw was a great relief to Jane, for she had been the butt of ridicule of the scholars. Every dullard could cow over Jane as more stupid than himself. The witty or would-be wags poked fun at her, the malicious tortured and irritated her. Jane usually good-natured, but when angered flew into paroxysms of mad fury that occasioned merriment to the ill-conditioned, and often provoked the interference of the master. Jane would have come off worse than she did at school had it not been for Jim Thacker, the miller's son at Ninewells, who constituted himself her protector, and thrashed the insolent boys who tormented Crazy Jane, and screened her from their jibes.

This protection he afforded her awoke on the poor dull-witted girl's part the liveliest devotion: a devotion that was irksome to the boy, for she followed him like a dog, slunk behind him at the least threat of annoyance, clung to him when in trouble, and was uneasy when he was out of her sight. This attracted notice in the school, and provoked merriment. She was called Jim Thacker's dog. And like a dog she seemed—faithful, regardful, a little too demonstrative of affection, but exacting nothing for this fidelity but an occasional nod or word. It was a relief to Jim when Crazy Jane was excused school as mentally deficient, and it was a relief to her, because henceforth she could wander, unrestrained, over the Downs, hunting hedge hogs and dormice, and gathering flowers.

One day—it was in spring—Jim Thacker was walking near the mill pond, when he heard screams of terror and pain, apparently, and saw Crazy Jane pursued and attacked by the male swan of a pair that lived in the pond. In her search for orchis bulbs she had approached too nearly where the female swan was sitting on her eggs, and the male in wild fury had flown to the protection of his mate, and considering Jane as an enemy threatening his mate and her eggs, had rushed at her with flapping wings and outstretched beak. An excited swan is not a foe to be laughed at; the strength of its wings is so great that a blow of them has been known to break the leg of a horse; moreover, with its great beak it can nip and hurt. The flap of the great wings, the discordant notes that issued from the long neck, the menacing bill, had paralyzed Jane, and in trying to fly she had stumbled over a root and fallen.

Jim snatched up a pronged stick and ran to her aid, callisa to the swan. He reached her as the bird was driving at her with his bill, and thrusting the fork adroitly under the neck, held the angry bird back.

"Now Jane," said he, "get up and run away whilst I keep the swan at bay."

But she was so bewildered with her fright that it was some time before she could understand what to do, and when, finally, she did scramble away, she had not the strength and breath to go far, but sank among the old bones at a little distance from the pool, sobbing, trembling, with her black hair scattered about her shoulders and face.

Jim came to her and helped her to her feet, brought her to the mill, and there his mother soothed the fears of the frightened girl, gave her milk and bread and honey, and finally dismissed her with a sixpence in her pocket.

After this, Crazy Jane became somewhat of a nuisance again, as she had been at the school. She had come to regard Jim with a veneration, that almost reached adoration. He was the only person who had ever stood up for her and defended her against enemies. He had never laughed at her, played tricks with her, teased her, but had ever been ready to come to her aid when powerless to protect herself. She hung about the mill, not for milk and bread and honey, not for a sixpence, but only that she might get a sight of Jim, and receive a kind and cheery word from him. She would have overwhelmed him with hedge-hogs had he been willing to have one: would have filled his boxes with dormice had he expressed the desire to have one. There was nothing she would not do for him to show her gratitude and regard. And Jim's mother, Mrs. Thacker, made use of the girl now and then to take messages or do commissions for her to Steyning, or to Hurst, or to Brighton, or Worthing—commissions which she executed with fidelity, and for which she doggedly, even sullenly, refused payment. It was reward enough to her to be allowed to see Jim and to hear him say, "What an active girl you are, Jane!"

On Sundays, when Jim went to church, Jane was always to be seen hanging about in the neighborhood of the mill, waiting to follow him. She was in her ragged, dingy, week-day dress, for she had no change of attire. And when he started, with his book under his arm, she followed at a distance, and when he entered the sacred building she remained outside, hid den behind some of the gravestones, for she dare not stay seated on the churchyard wall lest she should be teased and perhaps pulled off, and have stones thrown at her by those boys and young men who congregate about churchyard gates and do not enter the church.

When service was over and Jim returned home, then from her hiding-place rose the crazy girl also, and followed him back, never getting very near, always maintaining a respectful distance, but never allowing him to get out of her sight.

This naturally provoked comment, and caused Jim annoyance. He spoke to Jane about it, remonstrated, and forbade her to pursue him in such a manner. This made her cry, but not to abandon the practice, and he was finally obliged to endure what could not be altered, hoping that in course of time she would herself tire of the dog-like pursuit.

Child he was mistaken. For her dull mind this allegiance to Jim, expressed so uncouthly, had become a sort of religion that bound her, and years passed and her conduct remained the same; she neither pressed further on his attention nor wearied of her devotion. The habit of following him, of hanging about the mill, had become part of her life with which she could not break. Some time passed. Jim had grown from boyhood to manhood, and had become miller in the place of his father, who ceased; and there had been changes in the cottages also; the widow was dead, and Jane remained there lonely, but continued to pursue her usual avocations, and obtaining a small allowance from the parish. She had grown from girlhood into womanhood, but without any mental development. She was as dull-witted as ever, and in addition had acquired a jerky motion of her head and shoulders whenever spoken to—a nervous affection which was but St. Vitus' dance. A quiet, harmless girl she remained. There was a talk about removing her to the workhouse, but the project was fortunately for her never carried out. She would have died under the restraints of the Union.

In due time Jim Tnacker was married. He had fallen in love with a bright, sharp, pretty girl, the daughter of a farmer. There was no impediment on either side, and they were married. Few were better pleased than Crazy Jane, who went to the church but did not enter it, and looked on, laughing and clapping her hands behind a gravestone, when the bridal party left the church.

"Oh fine! fine!" exclaimed Jane; "Now Jim The miller has got a pretty wife. Fine! fine! fine!"

And when Jim sent her some of the wedding feast, cake and oranges and pie, she capered and laughed and cried alternately, and threw all at once, sat herself down in the wood, and a mood of sulkiness and sadness came over her, and she knew not wherefore, and she threw up the old brown beech leaves over her head, and let them rain about her as though she were burying herself under the fallen leaves.

This mood lasted only for a day, and then passed. She remained as before—good-natured, following Jim as a dog, but never intruding herself on him and his young wife.

The latter did not take kindly to Jane. She was annoyed at her persistent haunting of the neighborhood of the mill, by her animal like devotion to Jim, and remonstrated with her husband.

"What can I do?" he asked. "The poor crazy creature does no harm."

"It is absurd—it is scandalous," said the young wife petulantly. "It makes you an object of ridicule throughout the country."

Jim's mother, and after her death Jim himself, had often sent broken meat, a blanket, some little comfort, perhaps a few bushels of coal, to Crazy Jane; but the new mistress at the mill forbade these charities. "Let her be starved out" she said. "The creature is a nuisance. Who can be confident with a mad woman so near! She may set fire to the mill, she may murder me if I go alone into the woods. And," she pouted, "I should not be surprised if she were to attempt it, as she is jealous of me. She has hitherto engrossed so much of Jim's attention, and now thinks I rob her of what should be here."

"How can you talk such trash!" said Jim, annoyed.

So Crazy Jane was the occasion of the first little disagreement between Jim and his wife.

It is a satisfaction to women at times to have an opportunity for grumbling, an excuse for venting their vexation. Mrs. Thacker had a fretful, irritable temper, and the presence of Crazy Jane furnished her with an occasion for giving tongue to her annoyance and scolding and finding fault with her husband. She knew perfectly that she had no real grounds for her jealousy, and the fact that she knew this excused her in her own mind for fretfulness towards her husband on the subject. Some women regard their ebullitions of ill-temper and jealousy as justified by the fact that they are unreasonable. Jim was so good-natured that he did not become angry, and his good nature provoked his wife.

So time passed and Mrs. Thacker bore her husband a little daughter, and the child grew and as it grew became an object of intense, affectionate regard to Crazy Jane. Indeed, it seemed as though her devotion to Jim had been transferred to the child. She hovered about the mill as before, but now it was that she might watch the child, not the father, and she seemed quite pleased when she could offer the little girl a bunch of wild strawberries or a posy of lilies of the valley.

This also gave annoyance to Mrs. Thacker. She did not like the child to be near the mad girl—or woman—she was a girl no longer. "Who can say what she might do? She might carry her off, as the gipsies do!"

"But where could she carry her to?"

"I don't like her to touch the child; she is not clean."

Time advanced. It seemed to stand still only with Crazy Jane, who had settled into one fixed type of face and figure that never altered; and no one looking at her could guess her age. Her face was childlike, it was so simple; but her figure was too formed for that of a child. Her black hair showed no trace of change. In spite of the many vexations occasioned her by Mrs. Thacker, she remained in the cottage. The miller's wife went to the parish guardians to complain, and urge that the creature should be removed to the Union. She went to the police to complain that the girl was a menace to herself and the child. She visited the village doctor to insist that Jane was mad, and ought to be in an asylum; she endeavored to incite the rector to take steps to get her put into some charitable institution; she had repeated squabbles with her husband—all in vain.

Time advanced, and when little Mabel, the child, was twelve years old, Crazy Jane was still in the cottage unmolested. One winter's day, Mabel had been sent over the downs, a walk of three miles, to her grandmother's house, the mother of Mrs. Thacker. It was the old dame's birthday, and Mabel had gone with congratulations and a present from the miller's wife.

The day had been warm and fine, but towards afternoon there ensued a sudden change, and unexpectedly the wind shifted to the north-east, with black and threatening clouds, and there fell a blinding, dense snow.

A little uneasiness was felt by Jim and his wife about the child, but not much, for they concluded that Mabel had stayed with her grandmother. "Surely," said Mrs. Thacker, "my mother would never let the child start when there was a threat of a change."

"But the threat came with the change—at once; no one could have looked for it."

"If that be the case, you or someone had better go to my mother's and enquire."

Jim Thacker thought so as well. He drew on his thick coat, tied a kerchief over his head to hold on his cap, for the wind on the downs blew a gale, and started.

Three hours later he returned covered with snow.

"Is Mabel home?" he enquired as he entered the room.

"No—had she left?" Mrs. Thacker was nearly fainting. She saw by her husband's face that he was alarmed.

"Yes," he answered gravely. "She left her grandmother's before the storm came."

"Oh Jim! Jim!" The poor mother could say no more, but burst into tears and sank with her head on the table.

There was no time to waste in lamentations. Jim called to his man. A lantern was lighted, and the two with sticks went forth again into the storm. Meanitime the darkness had become complete. The wind raged, the snow fell in huge flakes against the windows like dabs of plaster. It covered roof, ground, wood. Mrs. Thacker was left alone in the house with only a maid. Her agitation, her alarm were great. She loved her child passionately. How could a child struggle through such a storm and beat a way through the snow? Every way was deep buried, the landmarks obscured. The child would stray on the pathless downs, grow with weariness and sleep the fatal sleep of death; perhaps in its wanderings come, blinded with snow, to the edge of a chalk quarry, fall over, and be dashed to pieces.

The night wore on. The father, with his man, had gone over the ground again between the cottage where lived the grandmother and the wife and his own mill, but had discovered no traces of his little one. He called up men from a cottage or two as he passed, and left them on the farm to which the child had gone. As the hours passed he became more hopeless. He knew the one thing only—to find the child's body, for he deemed it impossible for her to be alive under the circumstances. If she had strayed on the Wold there was no house on the downs into which she could have been received.

The condition of mind of Mrs. Thacker was worse than that of her husband. He was battling with the storm, searching; she was condemned to inactivity, could only hope and pray, have hot water ready, bricks heated, in the event of her child's return, to bathe her, to place against her body to restore heat.

Once she was frightened. She heard a crash against the front door, a blow that near shook it in, and then all was still. What was it? Dare she open? Then she supposed there had been a fall of a mass of snow from the roof, and that this had upset the wood-pile. She ventured later she heard voices—her husband and the men returning—and she ran to the door to throw it open and ask news, but fell on something—a great heap of snow, but something besides, something on which the snow had heaped itself, fell inwards.

A cry! Mrs. Thacker stooped. Jim ran up with the lantern. It was Crazy Jane, with her child in her arms. The child asleep, and Jane—dead.

How and where the silly girl had found Mabel was never known. All the child could remember was, that Jane had discovered her as she rambled about in the snow, and that Jane had carried her till she fell asleep. How far Jane had wandered, how far borne the heavy burden, could not be told, but it must have been far, for she had died of over-exhaustion at the very moment when she had reached the door of the house, the same door which she had watched for many years, the inside of which she had not been allowed for long to enter.

And so—faithful to the last—the poor dull-minded creature had repaid in good measure, pressed down and running over, the little acts of kindness shown her in years gone by, by Jim at school, and Jim by the pool, defending her, at no cost to himself, first from children and then from the swan.

THE END.

[Next week: A LEGEND OF BOHEMIA, by Mona Caird, author of The Wings of Azrael.]

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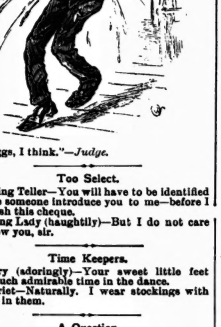


"Eggs, I think."—*Judge.*

**Too Select.**

Paying Teller—You will have to be identified—have someone introduce you to me—before I can cash this cheque.

Young Lady (haughtily)—But I do not care to know you, sir.

**Time Keepers.**

Harry (adoringly)—Your sweet little feet keep such admirable time in the dance.

Harriet—Naturally. I wear stockings with clocks in them.

**A Question.**

Young Husband—Don't you quite understand how to do it, darling?

Young Wife—Yes, it is all quite clear; but it says "first clean your turkey," and I was wondering whether one should use toilet or regular scouring soap.—*Chicago News.*

**Thoroughly Charmed.**

Professor Edgardo (strainedly)—Leggo his tail, Bill! He's ketched sight of that cheese-sandwich I left on the table.

**To Those Whom It Concerns.**

"I've got a new job," remarked Georgie Gazzam to his Sunday-school teacher. "It's in a real estate office."

"Is your employer a Christian, Georgie?"

"He's a real estate agent, sir. I said that at first."

**Sarcasm.**

Mrs. Scrimp (to man with pack)—G'lang there! We don't want no peddlers 'round here.

Cohen—I haf some English grammars mit me, ma'am. Mebbe you could use vun of dhose.

**The Range.**

Mrs. Dimling—I wish you would tell me the difference between a fiddler, a violinist and a virtuoso.

Dimling—I will. A fiddler plays for nothing, a violinist gets five dollars for an evening's work, and a virtuoso receives fifty dollars for one piece.

**He Consented.**

Young Crœsus—May I marry your daughter, sir?

Her Father (with emotion)—Young man, you have saved me from bankruptcy!

## An Idyl of Lake Simcoe.

*Written for Saturday Night by M. R. G.*

On the road between Newmarket and Lake Simcoe, not far from the east shore of that little bay—Cook's Bay—there stood some thirty years or so ago, in fact stands there to-day, what the Old Country people would practically call a wayside inn, but which we in Canada designate a country tavern, and a small one at that. One came upon it suddenly in turning a bend in the road, and the first thought on seeing it was to wonder what it was doing there. Standing alone with not a house around, the stranger who passed would doubtless have failed to see the purpose of a hostelry, located as it was, and situated in such a thinly populated district. It was a quaint old place, with its whitewashed exterior and low roof, looking ever so clean and bright against a background of trees that were so dense in those parts at that time.

The landlord of that sequestered inn was an Irishman who dreamed away the summer days in a big chair that stood upon the long verandah running the length of the house. However, if during the day he was given to snoozing, at night he became a most jovial host when a few of the farmers about gathered in his little drinking room, where they amused themselves spinning yarns and drinking "fire-water" that was none of the best. The Captain—as they called the landlord—was the possessor of a huge rubicund nose, and often have I heard him laughingly declare that it cost him a good many dollars to decorate that organ and bring it to its deep hue. All round he was a jolly old fellow and could have done justice to a better place than that obscure country tavern.

In those days that part of the country was rough enough. The nearest railroad station was Newmarket—some twenty miles—unless to get to it one crossed the lake in a small boat. The farms were mostly uncleared, and the farmers were content to live in log houses, while the farms across the lake were well cleared and the owners had better houses, but there they had the railroad that always brings prosperity with it, and there they had good soil to help enrich them, and not the sandy stuff of the district of which I write. Yet they were a lot of happy people who lived in those log houses, happy in their simple lives, happy in the thought that better days were coming.

A stage ran from Newmarket about twice a week, and if you will imagine a rickety four-wheeled vehicle with three cross seats, drawn by two bony horses, and in fancy chink up with me to one of the seats, we will away together to the inn. We do not start off on a jump at a crack of the whip as my dear old Dickens used to do it, for the driver has to give the weak-kneed nags several cuts before they can be persuaded to move at all. They seem to know the long sandy road they have to travel, and it is with something like a grunt that they gather themselves together and start off on a jog. On we go for a few miles through a country as fertile and beautiful as could be found any where, until we come to a village, a picturesque village with grassy streets upon which the cattle roam at will. This is Sharon, with its quaint Quaker people, surely one of the prettiest spots in Canada. We draw up here for a few moments so that the driver may deliver the mail bag at the little post office, where a number of the villagers are congregated, eager to receive any communications there may be for them. Off we are again out of the little village, past the quiet cemetery, where many a good Quaker lies peacefully, long, long sleep, on into the open country again. A few more miles we jog away until another village—Queensville—is reached. Here we call a halt to refresh our horses before entering upon the last stage of our drive. Night is fast approaching now and we get out our wraps, because a cool breeze is blowing from the distant lake. Away we go again, with no more stopping places before we reach the inn. Presently coming to the brow of a hill we behold a scene, the loneliness and weirdness of which would surely satisfy the most morbid mind. At the foot of the hill, stretching away ahead of us and all around, is a country as flat as a billiard table, the Queensville flats they call them, and I have heard it said that this long stretch of low land at one time formed part of the bottom of Lake Simcoe. The solitude is oppressive, and one has an almost unpovertable inclination to cry out to break the quietude. Here and there we see a light in a farm house, but not a sound is heard. Stillness has even overcome the proverbial dog and his baying is unheard. Then a peculiar breeze springs up with a peculiar smell that comes from the marsh surrounding the southern shore. A faint light breaks out on the horizon ahead of us and grows by degrees into a huge flame, the smoke wafted towards us sending forth an odor more disagreeable even than the marsh. Bush fires they are, started by the farmers who take this means of destroying the shrubbery and roots gathered in clearing their farms. As we go on the fires illuminate the entire country and we can see in the distance the water of the lake lying calmly in the moonlight. At last, turning a bend in the wood, we reach the inn. Our drive is at an end, the boy stands but a few rods away, the marsh comes up almost to the door and the odor of it is stronger than ever. Along the road a short distance a river crosses it, a slimy river full of black snakes and weeds and frogs, the croaking of the latter making one feel that he would willingly give his last dollar to be back in civilization. Altogether it is a lonely spot, lonely by daylight but far worse by night.

Such was the drive from Newmarket to the inn in by-gone days, and such was the drive made some thirty years or so ago by a young woman who alighted at the Newmarket railway station from a north going train on the old Northern line. She was a diminutive piece of humanity, with a timid expression upon her pretty face, and when the stage left her standing alone upon the inn's veranda, she looked as if she had not a friend in the world. A young man emerged from the door and politely accosted her. He was a manly, good-looking chap, with a gruff voice, a rough hand, and rough apparel, but within him beat a heart as tender as was ever man's. His name, as well as that of the young woman, I do not feel privileged to give, but for convenience we will call him John Bruce, and to the girl give the name of Agnes Wallis. He was there to meet the little stranger who had come to teach at the new school just established. Fatigue after her journey added to the loneliness of the place was what John Bruce thought made the new schoolmistress so quiet. She thanked him for his kindness, and accepted his escort to the farm house where she was in future to live, but that was all. She had nothing to say, and John Bruce, having exhausted his small store of conversation, lapsed into silence also.

Upon coming to the house, John Bruce told her that he and his widowed mother, with whom he lived, thought it would be more agreeable for her to stay with them than at the tavern, and that it would be nearer the schoolhouse too, whereupon the little schoolmistress endeavored to thank him for his forethought, and John Bruce was sure she was going to cry, her voice was so tremulous. She was such a wee thing and looked so lonely, and he was such a big, good-natured chap, he felt that he could pick her up in his strong arms and tell her to cry as much as she liked, for he knew that she was lonesome, and he knew a good cry would do her good. Bless you, I believe John Bruce was head and shoulders in love with the schoolmistress long before he reached home.

The kind welcome extended to the newcomer by John's mother was just such an one as a tender-hearted woman would give. It is true she could say but little to the timorous girl who was so unlike the robust women she was used to, but that little was motherly and kind, and when Agnes Wallis retired to the simply furnished bedroom that was to be hers while she remained there, she felt that she had met with people who could make her happy if all the sunlight had not gone out of her life.

Hour after hour she sat by the window in that little room, looking away towards the bush fires, until at last, overcome by God knows what, call it despondency, wretchedness, insanity, what you will, she arose and stealing from the house made her way rapidly down the road in the direction of the river. Coming to the rough bridge she paused and gazed upon the river's shining surface with a shudder, then with a shudder, falling on her knees she prayed aloud to heaven to forgive her for what she was about to do, prayed to Him who promised light to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

Somebody heard that prayer, and somebody grasped the unhappy girl in two strong arms and led her away.

It was John Bruce who walked beside her, and when he spoke kindly to her of the awful consequence of such a deed as she had contemplated, it so wrought upon her that she told him with many tears and many sobs the story of her grief. It a simple tale and an old one. John Bruce long after imparted the story to me—how the schoolmistress was an orphan and quite alone in the world; how she had had a lover far away who tired of her, and how the little woman, broken-hearted, had sought to bury her grief in that quiet place; how that grief had borne her down, and how her loneliness had robbed her of her senses. Only the old, old story of disappointed love, the story that will go on to the end of time.

Was it strange then that a short time after, John Bruce asked the schoolmistress to be his wife? Was it strange that she consented? Anyway, they were married, and five years passed by, five years of unalloyed happiness.

One autumn the wife left her husband for the first time since their marriage to visit new friends in Toronto, and John Bruce, lonely without her, strolled one evening down to the tavern in an endeavor to while away the time. As he approached the place a carriage appeared around the bend in the road, and, drawing up to the front of the inn, a man alighted. He was a well dressed fellow of handsome appearance, and as he espied John Bruce, addressed him saying:

"I am not sure that I have the right place. Perhaps, my friend, you could tell me what I desire to know. My name is Donald and——"

John Bruce looked up with a start.

"And mine is John Bruce."

"Live in these parts?"

"I do."

"Then perhaps you could tell me if a young woman by the name of Agnes Wallis lives here."

John Bruce heard the stranger as if in a dream. When the man said his name was Donald, John's head commenced to whirl, so he told me long afterwards. He knew at once what brought the stranger here. He knew the name, knew the man from a miniature his wife once wore lovingly around her neck, knew him as the man his wife thought false. He had come to claim his wife John thought. What would he tell him? If he told him the truth, that she was married, would he go quietly away, or would he remain to be the cause of wretchedness? He loved his wife dearly, but he knew that she had not entirely forgotten her former lover, and might not the old love be revived if she knew the old lover was still true and had sought her out? Such thoughts as these flashed through John Bruce's mind as the stranger stood awaiting a reply.

John was honest in all things. I never knew him to do a discreditable action. He was frank and open-hearted almost to simplicity. Subtlety was a thing unknown to him, but as I said, he loved his wife above all things, and it made him faint to think that this well dressed dandy-looking stranger might steal her away from him. He thought not of the fact that his wife might be true to him, nor that the stranger might disdain any dishonorable action upon hearing of her marriage. He looked only upon the dark side of the question, and to tell the truth Agnes Wallis was dead and to get him away from the inn at once, was what John Bruce decided to do.

It went against the grain for John to fabricate a story that was all an untruth, but he did it, and so successfully that the stranger was soon on his way again, and when John Bruce thought of the tears that had sprung to his eyes and the tremor that had shaken his voice as he made him good-bye he prayed that he would be forgiven if he had done him an injustice, and tried to reassure himself with the thought that the stranger was long dead and he was not to be raised from its grave, above all by the man who had just gone away.

Such is the story of John Bruce and his wife. A story that is only a glimpse of the romance going on around us every day, glimpses that show a little of the sentimental in us still, and that we have not yet become too painfully prosaic.

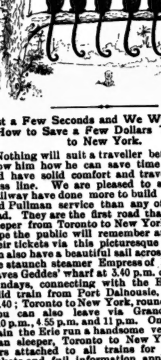

### As a Drink in Fevers

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. Chas. H. S. Davis, Meriden, Conn., says: "I have used it as an accessory in cases of melancholia and nervous debility, and as a pleasant and cooling drink in fevers, and have been very much pleased with it."



### All the Same in the End.



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### Bound to Tell It.

And this is the way it begins in the interest of other sufferers: "2026 Vine street, Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A., January 22, 1890. Until recently I allow me to add my testimonial to your grand and glorious remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. A short time ago my left ankle and foot began to swell and became nearly twice their natural size. The swelling was accompanied by pains almost unbearable, extending to the hip. Sleep was impossible. I used St. Jacobs Oil. I found relief from the first application, and a permanent cure after using half a bottle. I would not again be without it if it cost $5 a bottle." J. E. Sill. Such a remedy is beyond price.

### To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—Correspondence Columns SATURDAY NIGHT Office.)

Correspondents desiring graphological studies are requested to observe the following rules: 1. Quotations are not studied. 2. Postal cards are not studied. 3. Small clippings from letters are not studied. 4 Only one enclosure can be sent us with each letter. 5. Letters are answered as nearly as possible in their turn. By noticing and adhering to these rules editor and correspondents will be saved a great deal of trouble.

R. M. G.—See rules at head of column.

B. C. F. AND F. M. M.—See rules at head of column.

DEAN.—Writing shows good judgment, some praise, some optimism and mirth, sufficient perseverance, not enough decision and self-reliance, lacks energy and freedom. Your signature looks neat. Your writing, according to the very oldest authority, but I have found also two other significations.

SILVIA.—Writing shows in the request for delineation some originality, a pretty fancy and a love of good things. I think you have strong feeling, affectionate and prejudice about some things. You can laugh and are good-natured enough to bear being laughed at. You have a pretty large opinion of yourself, and are easy on other sinners.

SUNBEAM.—Writing shows impulse and want of discipline, some idealism, much truth and frankness. I think you are little bit careless and rather prone to egotism but not to a disagreeable extent. You change like the weather and sometimes your name is nowhere. I don't think you have the gift of tact and management, but your independent outspoksness carries you through.

ROWENA.—Writing shows love of order, decision of purpose, a little selfishness which isn't usually credited to you, a love of your own way, a pleasant bright manner, and hopeful disposition. You are not easily discouraged by adverse criticism nor don't care much for others praise or blame. I think you are a little hasty in your estimate of people, and perhaps sometimes misjudge them.

MARGUERITE.—Writing shows kindness, love of fun and fancy, a great desire for praise and the approbation of those you care for, some intuition and a graceful way of putting even unpleasant things. You are not capricious and would make a good friend. Your judgment is clear and sense sound. You are not lavishly generous, and you sometimes smother the expression of what you feel.

KAREN HAPPUCH.—I am afraid you are a very precocious child. The reason why we printed the French enumerements without accents was because we had not got any in our type; I should advise you to put them all in, very carefully, because if you don't you will be wrong. I am sorry you will only love me on condition I allow you to leave them out. Couldn't you do it on any other terms?

MAY M.—Writing shows energy, impulse, sometimes rather erratic, good talent and some perseverance, strength of will and a decided love of earth's good things. I wish you were as careful about ending well as you are about beginning well, and that one could always be sure just how one would find you in business matters. I think you are truthful and warm hearted, and though your writing is not perfect it certainly isn't weak.

DICKIES.—Your request for delineation being of some length I will do what I can with it, regardless of your long quotation. Writing shows some ideality and imagination, a little self-will, conscientiousness, love of home ties, not sufficient decision and determination. You can say no, but it often turns to yes. You are truthful and kind hearted, and I think rather exacting in your demands of others, but will probably love and be loved well.

TIRZAH.—Writing shows lack of care and culture, some talent and energy, great tenacity of purpose, want of discretion and tact, but an intuitive knowledge of people. I think you are too indifferent to be hard on your neighbors, not too amiable. 2. It depends on the work they can do. Good clerks, smart salesmen or women, clever accountants and skilled servants are almost sure to succeed. Certainly it is easier in Canada to earn a position and livelihood than in the Mother Country. See rules.

REGINA.—1. You have order, judgment, perseverance and a strong desire of approbation. I think you would make a very good one from these four traits. In addition I find kindness and carefulness, not any great talent nor intuition, some ideality and amiability and considerable neatness. Your inclosure shows strong love of amusement and fun, degenerating into foolishness, not much talent or originality. A great deal of wasted time probably lies to his or her accounts. Writer is hopeful, talkative and happy temperament. Just tell him or her that I'd like to see him and also to warn him that one straight determined line in his writing would be its salvation.

FAUVETTE.—Your writing shows great tact and a refined mind, a pretty little self-assertion and a spice of original sin, a merry, hopeful, and I am sure, affectionate disposition, some idealism and justice, sufficient perseverance, love of truth, self control, with exception of that little determined commandment. I hope it will never be broken you are one of us, Fauvette! *Comprenez?*—Your enclosure shows great amiability, love of talk, probably also of music and art, some exaggeration in ideas, such as attributing to over-estimate importance of matters pertaining to self or friends, great love of amusement, and a probably popular with friends and admirers galore. You are a most insinuating pair, and most agreeable studies.

H. E. P.—Your writing and you both ask for a recipe to remove the white spots from your nails. I don't know what to advise you, as, for curiosity, I have tried several vouched for preparations with no success at all. Don't bother about them; they will grow off, won't they? they do it in time. 2. Your writing shows much judgment and some temper, little sympathy and understanding of others, carelessness and self-will, but you are not so pronounced a character as I should think from your handwriting. Your composition is good, though perhaps you don't look enough on the bright side of life. You have energy and decision, some sense of humor and a good share of matter-of-fact. Sorry not to have answered you sooner, but you know I have to keep my correspondents to their turn. A thousand thanks for your prompt and satisfactory letter.

BELLA WILFER.—Writing shows much imagination and probable facility of expression—a decided liking for the soft side of the plank—rather a tendency to wasted effort, generosity and amiability. You are changeable and soon tire of old pastures, but if you go to it, can persevere until success is attained. I could not venture to predict success or failure in the direction you mention as so many other things are needed to make men aspirers. The wish you mention as near to your heart is a very general one, as you would see if you went your round in my place. Please get a more exalted ambition right away, or put your standard of excellence higher. Send along your fledgeling and I will tell you the best and ability how they strike me. Unclothed veracity is what you ask for, I see. You have hope strongly developed in your writing.

JEMIMA.—1. Am very sorry your letter miscarried. Charles Dickens was extremely happy in his choice of a wife, and his home life was of the brightest and most delightful, wife and children were very dear to him, and in his own particular experience he never knew a page of an unhappy marriage. Mrs. Dickens traveled with him, hardly about the country in his home, and was in every way devoted wife in whom he found his greatest blessing and happiness. Read Foster's Life of Dickens. 2. Your writing shows taste and refinement, much fancy and love of amusement, great intuition and sympathy. You are original, constant and a little bit fond of your own way—which is however generally a wise and kind way. Hope your tableaux were a success, there is every chance for good ones in the lines you chose. See rules at head of column.

LA VERITE.—Writing shows some originality, great love of order and good judgment, some practical sense, great endurance. I think the writer has impulses sometimes hard to resist, whether in speech or action. A delicate imagination joined to great susceptibility and sympathy and uncontrolled by self-esteem may make the study a trifle morbid and fanciful of slights. I think that kindness and some generosity are evident, and though there is a slight reserve and want of trust in others there is no weakness. No hope or buoyancy is shown, but with congenial and trusted friends the nature would probably expand and lose the caution and reserve which show in your writing, and lastly in compliment to your *nom de plume*, I must tell you that I see a touch of sharp temper. Your writing is a very difficult study. This is the third attempt I have made to master it.

HIS WAY.—I quite enter into your perplexity and find it difficult to say what I know I should. Here goes! It is a sin to marry, from whatever motive, a man you don't love. If you are quite sure you love some one else, I cannot imagine a worse mistake for a girl of your disposition to make. I cannot fancy a more terrible wretchedness than the life you would lead. I cannot think of a manner not to your lover, whom you say you love too much to desert him because he is poor, and no motive on earth can justify you in it. If there is no other reason, be true, no matter what breaks. Your writing shows temper, lack of proportion, conscientiousness, I don't think you are very determined, though you have the gift of perseverance and desire for success. Are you always perfectly honest with yourself and others? I am sure you lack self-assertion and that your ideas are not clear and practical, that you are rather given to romance, and that you would be loved, but not to well as you could love. In conclusion, permit me to assure you that a husband who has the right sort won't care to be second in your regard, no matter who is first, and though you may be justified in refusing your poor lover, because you wish to remain single and work for your invalid, you won't ever have my approval if you carry your devotion so far as to marry the man you don't love in order to secure her a comfortable sanitarium.


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COURSES OF STUDY — English, Mathematics, Classics, Modern Languages. Superior advantages in Music and Art. Resident native German and French teachers. Home care and refinement combined with discipline and thorough mental training.

Lowe's Commercial Academy
346 Spadina Avenue
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Hundreds of Our Pupils Now Holding Lucrative Positions

Persons wishing to acquire Shorthand, Bookkeeping, &c., in a short length of time, and at the least possible expense, should attend the above school.
Many of our pupils have mastered shorthand in from four to six weeks, and bookkeeping in from twenty to thirty lessons.
Pupils are not taught on the business college plan, neither are they charged business college prices.
The Only Charge Until Proficient Being $5
PUPILS ASSISTED TO POSITIONS

A Boon to the Sick
Borne by the Weakest Stomach
Prescribed by Physicians
OAKLAND'S KOUMISS
We have obtained the entire mode of manufacture of Koumiss as lately operated by the Oakland's Jersey Dairy Co., and are able to guarantee a superior article to the public.
NEIL C. LOVE & CO.
Leading Chemists and Perfumers
166 Yonge Street Telephone 1558
SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

JAMES PAPE
FLORAL ARTIST
78 Yonge Street, Toronto
Three doors north of King Street.
Specialties for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the shortest notice.

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ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer
116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West
Photographs of all sizes
Sunbeams $1 per doz.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, Warts, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed by electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrician, Yonge Street Market, 291 Yonge Street.

Your Picture Free
I will give absolutely free with every dozen of our cabinets a large size Crayon Picture of yourself.
Don't miss this opportunity.
LYON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO
Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portraits a Specialty
STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST
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HAMILTON MacCARTHY, R.C.A., SCULPTOR. Artist of the Col. Williams and Ryerson monuments. Ladies' and Children's Portraits. Studio 12 Lombard Street, Toronto.

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Cor. Jarvis and King Streets - - Toronto
SPECIALTIES—Outdoor Views, Crayon Portraits.
"THE BEST"

F. H. SEFTON
DENTIST
172 Yonge Street, next door to Simpson's Dry Goods Store

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
6 and 8 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

THOMAS MOFFATT
Fine Ordered Boots and Shoes
A good fit guaranteed. Prices moderate. Strictly first-class.
145 Yonge Street, Toronto

HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY
394 Yonge Street, Toronto
Keeps in stock Pure Homœopathic Medicines, in Tinctures, Dilutions, and Pellets. Pure Sugar of Milk Globules. Books and Family Medicine Cases from $1 to $12. Orders for Medicines and Books promptly attended to. Send for Pamphlet. D. L. THOMPSON, Pharmacist.

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WALL PAPER
IMPORTATIONS
ARE UNEXCELLED FOR VARIETY AND BEAUTY OF DESIGN. ALL GRADE AND PRICES
76 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO

NEW DENTAL OFFICE
Lately opened by M. F. SMITH
(Late over Molsons Bank) is superior to anything of the kind in this country in the perfectness of its fittings, etc., as well as comfortable accommodation.
Canada Life Assurance Building, King St. West
Office hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

I WILL ADMINISTER THE "VITALIZED AIR" OR "Nitrous Oxide Gas," free during the months of May and June. This offer holds good only for a short time, and applies only to those getting in plates. Remember, "Air or Gas," and extracting absolutely free. Best teeth on rubber, 88; on celluloid, $10.
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TELEPHONE 1476

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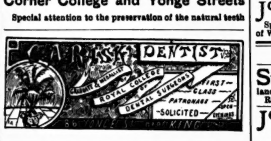
DENTIST
Corner College and Yonge Streets
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth

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Asthma, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Diabetes, Uræmia Pectoris, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Constipation and all chronic, difficult or obscure diseases.
LADIES—All displacements and enlargements of the womb cured. Treatment new and pleasant.

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Consultation hours—9 to 11 a.m., and 2 to 4 p.m.

DR. YOUNG, L.R.C.P., London, Eng.
Physician and Surgeon
Residence 145 College Avenue. Hours 12 till 3 p.m., and Sundays. Telephone 3490.
Office 36 McCaul Street. Hours 9 till 11 a.m., and 7 till 9 p.m. Telephone 1035.

DR. EMILY H. STOWE, 119 CHURCH Street.
Consultation 1 to 5 p.m. In Therapeutics, Electricity and Massage a specialty. Telephone 934.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis Street,
HOMŒOPATHIST
Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

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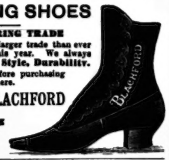
SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst Street.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

The Comforter.


WALKING SHOES
FOR SPRING TRADE
There will be a larger trade than ever in these goods this year. We always lead in Variety, Style, Durability.
See our stock before purchasing elsewhere.
H. & C. BLACHFORD
87 and 89 King Street East
Toronto

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For Ladies and Gentlemen — Cool, Stylish and altogether satisfactory.
PICKLES' SHOE PARLORS, 328 YONGE ST.

Easy and Other Chairs
Drawing and Dining-Rooms Suites, Parlor, Office, Study and Other Furniture
These goods are manufactured by us, and are adapted to the requirements of home and places of business. I keep a stock, also make to order. Upholstering is a specialty both in design, quality of material and richness of color.
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The Home Savings & Loan Co. Ltd
OFFICE: 78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO
$500,000 to loan on Mortgages—small and large sums. Reasonable rates of interest and terms of repayment. No valuation fee charged.
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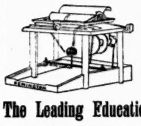
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 679.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
Commencing Friday, July 3
Through Sleeper
FROM
TORONTO
TO
PORTLAND
OLD ORCHARD
ON THE MAINE COAST,
and to all
WHITE MOUNTAIN RESORTS
EVERY TUESDAY and FRIDAY
Returning, leave Old Orchard every Monday and Thursday, running through to Toronto during Summer Season
A special U. S. Officer at Union Station to examine baggage. For rates and full information apply to any C. P. R. Ticket Agent. City Ticket Office—
118 King St. West, 24 York St.
Board of Trade Building, and 1216 Queen St. W., Parkdale.



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are adopting the Remington to the exclusion of all other Typewriters.
Machines sent to any part of Ontario on rental for practice or office work. GEORGE BENGOUGH.
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GRAND NATIONAL Hack and Coupe Stables, 102 Mutual St.
Handsome turnouts with careful drivers any time day or night.
Telephone 2104
Arthur M. Bowman
Proprietor

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RIGHT HON.
Sir John A. Macdonald's
FUNERAL MARCH
By Chas. Bohner.....Price 40c
'VARSITY SCHOTTISCHE
By S. D. Schultz.....Price 35c
A very pretty and popular schottische

We carry everything found in a first class music house, and all the most POPULAR VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC carried in stock.
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
158 Yonge St., Toronto

Artistic Millinery
THE FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM
63 King St. West
(First floor—opp. Mail Office.)
Are now prepared to show a complete assortment of Spring importations in Flowers, Feathers, Laces, Pattern Hats, Bonnets, etc.
MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING
The most stylish designs for the coming season, at moderate prices.
MRS A. JAMES
155 Richmond Street - - - Toronto
Between York and Simcoe Streets.

MILLINERY

See our complete and well assorted stock for this season. Latest and leading styles, newest designs. Artistically fashioned to meet the requirements of each customer.
Dress and Mantle Making Our Art
Perfect fit, combined with elegant style and fine work. Leave orders early to ensure prompt attention.
DRESS CUTTING taught daily by our New Tailor System. Send for illustrated circular. Inducements to agents.
Established 1860
J. & A. CARTER, 372 Yonge St. - Toronto

DRESSMAKERS'
Magic Scale

The Tailor System of Cutting Improved and Simplified
COMPLETE IN ONE PIECE
MISS CHUBB, Gen. Agt.
Waist Linings and Dresses Cut
CORSETS
made to order. Satisfaction guaranteed.
426 1-2 Yonge St.
(Just south of College)

CUNARD
AND OTHER STEAMSHIP LINES FOR
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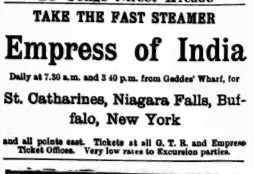
A. F. WEBSTER 58 Yonge Street

Look for Progressive Euchre Presents
AT
BROWN'S, 110 YONGE STREET
Oxydized Card Cases, Match Safes, Car Ticket Boxes, Bon Bon Boxes, Shopping Tablets
Just the things for Progressive Euchre Parties

MR. THOMAS MOWBRAY
Architectural Sculptor
IN STONE AND WOOD
86 Yonge Street Arcade

TAKE THE FAST STEAMER
Empress of India
Daily at 7.30 a.m. and 3.40 p.m. from Geddes' Wharf, for
St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York
and all points east. Tickets at all G. T. R. and Empress Ticket Offices. Very low rates to Excursion parties.



## Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Americans who always attend it, is becoming an international affair.

•

Mrs. Percival Ridout gave a tennis party on Saturday at Rosedale House.

•

Picnics are now all the rage, several having been given during the past week. Two large ones were given last Saturday by the Misses Homer-Dixon and Miss Dawson, and a large number of people turned out in answer to the invitations.

•

Cards are out for the wedding of Mr. Louis Bacque and Miss Harriet Scott to take place at 16 Sultan street. The wedding will be private and during the evening Mrs. Scott will hold a reception from 8 till 10 o'clock.

•

The Island is being well patronized this year and a large number of Torontonians have drifted thither. Mr. and Mrs. H. Disney Ellis have joined their ranks, and Mr. Gode of Montreal again occupies his beautiful house near the Yacht Club. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet and the Misses Seymour are living at the Zareba, Hanlan's Point.

•

A large number of ladies visited the Yacht Club last Tuesday and were entertained with tennis and afternoon tea by the members. Among a few of those present were Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. McCulloch, the Misses Seymour, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Ellis and Miss Jones. These afternoons are becoming very popular with the fair sex, and the club have decided to give them twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays.

•

Miss Gertie Thompson of Hamilton, is on a short visit to Toronto, and is stopping with her brother, Mr. Fred W. Thompson, 62 Spencer avenue, Parkdale. She will leave this week for a two weeks' trip to Montreal and Quebec.

•

Cards are out for the wedding of Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie and Miss Ethel Osler, on July 9 at eleven o'clock. The ceremony will take place at St. Simon's church, and Mrs. E. B. Osler, aunt of the bride, will hold a reception afterwards at her house, Craigleigh, Rosedale.

•

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Foster, Mrs. George A. Bingham and Mrs. J. F. Gunn have gone to Port Sandfield, Muskoka, for the summer.

### Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

Compared with the first hop of other seasons, that held at the Queen's Royal last Saturday very nearly approached a success. As a rule the announcement of the opening one is understood to mean little more than an intimation that preparations for the usual Saturday night hops, which throughout the season prove so enjoyable, have been completed; but either from choice or custom few ever avail themselves of the proprietor's cordially extended invitation to be present at the first dance. Those, however, who attended last Saturday thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed their many advantages—a floor waxed to a degree of perfection, Corlett's delightful music, and never more than ten or twelve couples gliding in unmolested security and at safe distances from possible (and at crowded dances too numerous!) clumsy guides. The men were decidedly in the majority. Many unable to secure the coveted delight of a partner were obliged to beat a reluctant retreat to the comforting support of the doors, while their more fortunate rivals carried off in triumph the very limited number of maidens who found themselves in such constant demand. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. H. Garrett; Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Geddes, Miss Rosamond Geddes, the Misses Parsons, the Misses Boulton, Mr. J. Elgar, Mrs and Miss B Paffard, Mr. Meredith of Buffalo, Mr W. and Miss M. Gale, Mr. H. Lansing, Mr. J. Russell, the Misses Winnett, Mr. Leslie Nelles, Mr. Percy Ball, Mr. Colin Milloy, Mr. Ernest Ball, Mr. A. Sawin, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Hugh Watt and a party of officers and friends from Fort Niagara. Dancing continued until nearly twelve o'clock.

(Continued on Page Twelve.)


# McKENDRY'S

202 YONGE STREET

6 Doors North of Queen

SATURDAY

HOT weather, ain't it? A forcible reminder that you should come here and look over our stock of summery gause

BLOUSES

We purchased a very large stock a few days ago, and they are running out very cheap. A line of fancies at 69c. and another at 98c. are worth a lot more money, and in Plain, Cream, Sky, Pink and Fawn Pure Silk Blouses are going for $1.25. The lady who can't be suited here in a blouse is hard to please. These goods are in our Underwear Department. We are sure it is the most complete in the city, not a thing you can think of for Babies, Misses or Ladies but we are showing. We have an elegant range of ladies' underwear in the very finest goods manufactured at common sense prices.

Special drive in Silk Stripe Grecian Cloth for Blouses or Gent's Summer Shirts—the price was 75c, what's left go for 50c. next week. You'll remember Monday is Bargain Day. Next Monday will be a very busy one, as we have secured special lines during the week at half regular prices. Read tonight's "News" list.

McKENDRY'S

202 Yonge St., 6 Doors north of Queen



A Tribute to the Late Sir John A. Macdonald

A NEW SONG

FOR BARITONE

"A British Subject I was Born, a British Subject I Will Die"

Words and Music by S. T. CHURCH

PRICE 40 CENTS—A REALLY GOOD SONG

Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association

63 King Street West, Toronto.



# AT 50 CENTS ON THE $

THE BON MARCHE has placed on sale OVER

2,000 Ladies' Handsome Blouse Waists

In Silk, Satin, Sateen, French Llama, French De Laine and other Fashionable materials. The styles are faultless, the goods excellent, and the prices ridiculously low. For instance, note the following:

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| $1.00 BLOUSE WAISTS Your choice for 50 Cents | $2.00 BLOUSE WAISTS Your choice for One Dollar | $3.00 BLOUSE WAISTS Your choice for Half price, $1.50 | $5.00 BLOUSE WAISTS Your choice for Half price $2.50 |
| $1.50 BLOUSE WAISTS Your choice for 75 Cents | $2.50 BLOUSE WAISTS Your choice for Half price, $1.25 | $4.00 BLOUSE WAISTS Your choice for Two Dollars | $6.00 BLOUSE WAISTS Your choice for Three Dollars |

We have also placed on sale our immense stock of Ladies' Plain and Fancy Parasols, and although the former prices were very low we have made further reductions, and ladies can now secure a handsome parasol at a very small cost.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| $1.00 PARASOLS Your choice for 50 Cents | $2.00 PARASOLS Reduced for this sale to - - $1.50 | $3.00 PARASOLS Your choice for Two Dollars | $5.00 PARASOLS Reduced for this sale to - - $3.50 |
| $1.50 PARASOLS Your choice for One Dollar | $2.50 PARASOLS Reduced for this sale to - - $1.75 | $3.50 PARASOLS Reduced for this sale to - - $2.50 | $6.00 PARASOLS Your choice for Four Dollars |

Ladies, bear in mind we close our store at 5 p.m. each day during the months of July and August.

THE BON MARCHE - 7 and 9 KING STREET EAST



# TO CAMPING PARTIES

We have on hand a full and specially selected stock of camping and picnic supplies, including Fine Wines, Liquors and aerated waters, put up in assorted cases to suit, and shipped to all resorts. We will pay shipping charges on all orders of $10 and upwards. Try our celebrated blende of whiskey—easy to take—and with all the nutritive qualities required by invalids.

Orders by mail, wire or telephone promptly attended to.

F. P. BRAZILL & CO.

152 King Street East

TELEPHONE 628

TORONTO

N. B.—Try a case (12 bottles) of our Choice Claret, from $3.75 per case and upwards, cheapest in the market. "Aged whiskies our specialty."



M. STAUNTON & CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

Wall Papers

Of all grades from the lowest priced papers to the highest class of Decorative Hangings. Among the latter are

Japanese Leathers
French Leathers
Lignomur
Lincrusta, &c.

Ingrains with Choice Friezes to Match

WINDOW SHADES

AND IMPORTED

GERMAN LACES AND FRINGES

ROOM MOULDINGS

4 King Street West



MISS HOLLAND

Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking

112 Yonge Street

Two doors south of Adelaide, west side.

Having removed to a more convenient locality, Miss Holland would solicit inspection of her new stock of French Bonnets, Hats, &c., which will be found up to the usual standard of excellence.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT under the able management of MISS DUFFY, late of H. S. Morison & Co.



THE ADMITTED STANDARD

OF

MUSICAL

= ART =

MANUFACTURE

IS THE

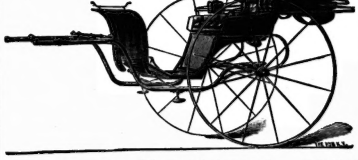
MASON & RISCH PIANO

HEAD OFFICE: 32 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO



CHARLES BROWN & CO'S PARK PHAETON

The Only Two-Wheeler that is a Success in Every Way



BODY AND SPRINGS HAVE No Connection WITH SHAFTS

Entirely new. Elegant in style and finish. The finest trap made for doctors and ladies.

CHARLES BROWN & CO.

6 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

"With special features contained in no other make, and improvements that are the result of thirty years' experience in the refrigerator business, in fact one that is unapproachable in merit, call on us for the famous *LEONARD CLEANABLE* Refrigerator. Costs no more than cheap makes."

WE HAVE SOLD THE

Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator

FOR

FIVE YEARS

AND

Guaranteed Satisfaction in Every Case

H. A. COLLINS & CO.

6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West



# SUMMER DAYS

Hot weather is daily driving the citizens away to seek cool comfort in Muskoka, Grimsby, Niagara and a host of other popular Canadian districts

CAMPERS should see that they have a complete stock of Eatables before starting. The Grange Wholesale Supply Co, 35 Colborne Street, will for the next month make a specialty of supplying Camping Parties

We carry an immense variety of Provisions to choose from, and carefully pack all orders and ship to any address if desired. The saving effected by buying from us is an important feature.

THE GRANGE WHOLESALE SUPPLY CO.

35 Colborne Street



MISS ALEXANDRINA RAMSAY

Late of New York.

(Pupil of Dion Boucicault)

ELOCUTION

Pupils prepared for the platform and stage.

SUMMER TERM. Address Office of SATURDAY NIGHT.



SS. CARMONA (Canada Lake Superior Transit Co., Limited), sailing from Geddes' Wharf, Yonge St., commencing Saturday June 13, daily, as follows:

During JUNE to Lorne Park, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.; to Grimsby Park at 2 p.m., on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Rates to Lorne Park—25c. adults and 15c. children. To Grimsby Park (good to return same day), 60c. each. To Grimsby Park (good to return during season), 75c. each.

Saturday afternoon excursions to Grimsby Park 50c. Saturday Afternoon excursions to Lorne Park 25c. Book tickets—Lorne Park and return, 20 trips, $4; Grimsby Park and return, 10 trips, $4. Sunday schools and societies, special rates on application to Company's Offices, 9 Front Street East. PETER McINTYRE, 98 York Street.

W. A. GEDDES, 69 Yonge Street.


### Another Kind of an Insect.

Mr. Henpeck—Insects have got lots of pluck. There is nothing as plucky as some insects, and I think wasps are the most so.

Mr. Jones—In what way?

Henpeck—Well, one of them stung my mother-in-law last summer. I wouldn't have believed it possible.


Niagara River Line

SINGLE TRIPS

PALACE STEAMER

"CHICORA."

Commencing Monday, May 18, Steamer CHICORA will leave Yonge street Wharf daily (except Sunday) at 7 a.m., for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York, etc. Tickets at all principal offices.

JOHN FOY, Manager.



LORNE PARK-BY-THE-LAKE

Beautiful for Situation is Hotel Louise

Guests are now taking up their quarters for the season. Rooms should be secured without delay. Splendid large side-wheel steamer "Carmona" and by G. T. R. train service. Post Office and Telephone in hotel. Lawn Tennis, Archery, Billiards, &c. Evening entertainments. Sunday services. Address—

LORNE PARK COMPANY, Toronto.

## Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

The Ven. Archdeacon Dixon of Guelph spent last Sunday in town, the guest of the Ven. Archdeacon McMurray. He preached morning and evening in St. Mark's.

Mr. Syer and family of Chicago have again taken up their residence at The Anchorage.

Mrs. J. L. Scarth of Toronto has been the guest during the past week of her father, Dr. F. M. Morson.

Mr. Walter Gale is spending his holidays with relatives in town. He will return to New York in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Lockhart were among those who spent last Sunday here, also Mr. Meredith of Buffalo who was the guest of Mr. H. Lansing.

Miss A. Paffard left last Saturday for St. Catharines where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. Burrell.

Miss Lillian Bell of St. Louis will spend the summer with Mrs. J. Lewis of Rowanwood.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Willson of Brooklyn are among the visitors who have arrived for the summer. They will be the guests of Mrs. Chittenden of Riverside.

Rev. F. M. and Mrs. Baldwin of Aylmer are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Baldwin.

The Misses Lockhart have been spending the past week with friends at the Island, Toronto.

The hop at the Queen's this evening promises to be a particularly pleasant one, numbers having announced their intention of attending. Being July 4, and judging from past experience, it is safe to predict that Buffalo will be well represented. GALATEA.

### HAMILTON.

Mr. Strat. Martin of Lindsay is in town th e week, the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Richard Martin, Jarvis street.

Miss Isabel Ridley is visiting friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Curran, of New York, is the guest of Mrs. Fuller, Emerald street.

Mrs. Atkinson of St. Louis is the guest of Mrs. Minor, Main street east.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, Miss Lina Hendrie and Mr. W. Hendrie, jr., are in Montreal enjoying Bel-Air races. They intend spending a week there.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gillespie of Winnipeg are in town, the guests of Mr. Gillespie of Emerald street.

Mr. J. J. Mason and family have gone to their pretty island home for the summer on Georgian Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Gunn have also gone to Georgian Bay with their family.

Miss Lucy Bowman will leave for Nova Scotia on Saturday to spend a few weeks there.

Miss Nora Clench is the guest of Miss Evans of Main street east.

Mr. Wm. Logie left this week to spend a short time in Aylmer, the guest of his sister, Mrs. Wylie. SYLVIA.

### Centre Street Poker.

Jackson Smith—Wait, nigger, I claim dem stakes; I have four aces, an' you can't beat dat.

Turnover Johnson—Can't, eh! you jes hand ober your coin; dis nigger has five aces. Don't try any of dem Sir William Gordon Cumming tricks on dis coon.

Godes-Berger, the favorite mineral water of Queen Victoria, is considered the queen of beverages. The fame and virtues of this sparkling, delicious and refreshing table water were a tradition long before they received the royal preference. The celebrated Dr. Redwood, Ph. D., F.I.C., says regarding this potable: "It is superior to any other table water known to me."

Little Tycoon lancers, arranged by C. Bohner. Whaley, Royce & Co.

DENTISTRY.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
14 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tel. 2266

DR. CAPON Tel. 3821
12 Carlton Street
L.D.S., Toronto (Gold Medal); D.D.S., Philadelphia; M.D.S., New York.

WM. MILLS, L.D.S., D.D.S., Dentist
North Cor. Yonge and Albert Streets. Entrance 4 Albert Street, Toronto.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
325 College Street
Telephone 2278. TORONTO

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## The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

### Births.

POMEROY—At 14 Denison square, on June 23, M. a. C. C. Pomeroy—a daughter.

CARTER.—At Toronto, on June 25, Mrs. W. Carter—a daughter.

DICKSON—At Toronto, on June 18, Mrs. W. H. Dickson—a daughter.

HEATON.—At Toronto, on June 23, Mrs. Heaton—a daughter.

ROSS —At Rat Portage, June 17, 1891, Mrs. Walter Ross, —a son.

YOUNG.—At Toronto, on June 23, Mrs Wm. Young—a daughter.

HOBBS —At Toronto, on June 22, Mrs. Thomas Hobbs —a daughter.

MACDONALD.—At South London, on June 6, Mrs. Macdonald—a daughter.

BAKER—At Toronto, on June 25, Mrs. J. Chas. Baker—a son.

EASTWOOD.—At Toronto, on June 27, Mrs. J. P. Eastwood—a daughter.

IRWIN.—At Toronto, on June 28, Mrs. Wm. N. Irwin—a son.

KERR —At Toronto Junction, on June 27, Mrs. L O. Kerr—twin sons.

ROBARTS—At Fergus, on June 26, Mrs. E. C. Robarts—a daughter.

FOLE.—At Toronto, on June 26, Mrs. James G. Fole—a daughter.

HACKBORN.—At Toronto, on June 26, Mrs George K. Hackborn—a daughter.

HARRISON —At West York, on June 18, Mrs. Isaac Harrison—a daughter.

FELL.—At Toronto, on June 22, Mrs. H. S. Fell—a son.

WILSON.—At Napanee, on June 25, Mrs. W. G. Wilson —a son.

### Marriages.

CHARLTON—BLACK—At 14 Borden street, on June 30, by Rev. W. D. Campbell of Aylmer, W. G. Charlton of Toronto to Mattie N. Black of Toronto.

BELL—FREEMAN—At Burlington, on June 23, N. F. Bell to Fannie E Freeman.

BROWN—HOOD—At Toronto, on June 23, W. Mortimer Brown of Rochester, N. Y., to Helen Louise Hood.

CARLYLE—ALLAN—At Toronto, J. C. Carlyle to Jessie Allan.

DUNN—GRAY—On June 24, Herbert Langill Dunn to Emma Louisa Gray.

ELMES—BOYCE—At Toronto, on June 24, James Elmes to Annie Boyce.

ESTEN—MURPHY—At Innisfield, on June 24, George H. Esten to Evelene Mary Murphy.

FITZGERALD—BAYLY—At Toronto, on June 24, Edward G. Fitzgerald to Louise Harriet Bayly.

HURDLEY—FARQUHAR—At Toronto, on June 24, Arthur W. Hurdley of Detroit to Eva Bell Farquhar.

HOWARD—RUSSELL—At Toronto, on June 23, Rev. James Scott Howard, M.A., (Emma Louise Russell.

MOBERLY—HOOPER—At Toronto, on June 24, Thomas Edward Moberly to Jeanie Jeanette Jardine Lister Hooper.

RENNIE—ROSS—At Toronto, on June 24, Robert Rennie to Marion A. Ross.

GOODMAN—MATTHEWS—At Toronto, on June 22, Ambrose K. Goodman, LL.B., of Cayuga to Syril C. M. Matthews.

HAMER—EARLE—At Lindsay, on June 23, William T. Hamer to Maude Earle.

WELLS—HARRIS—At Toronto, on June 24, James Douglas Wells of New York to Mary C. Harris.

DUGGAN—STEUART—At Toronto, on June 29, John M. Duggan to Rachel Steuart.

GILLESPIE—SCOBLE—At Winnipeg, on June 24, John Cowan Gillespie to Mary Louise Scoble.

GILMOUR—COOK—At Toronto, on June 24, George Campbell Gilmour to Elizabeth Selina Cook.

AUSTIN—DEANE—At Toronto, on June 24, Frank Austin to Isabel B. Deane.

REIFFENSTEIN—YOUNG—At Burlington, on June 23, Charles Edward Reiffenstein of Ottawa to Georgina Isabel Young.

COLWELL—PILGRIM—At Hamilton, on June 24, C. A. F. Colwell of Toronto to Anna A. Pilgrim.

ROWLETT—LANG—At Toronto, on June 24. E. H. Rowlett to Adelie Lang.

NELLES—STUCKLEY—At Ann Arbor, Mich., on June 24, Andrew B. Nelles, M.D., of Ingersoll, to Jessie Stuckley.

BELL—GIBSON—In Township of Vaughan, James Bell to Margaret Gibson.

COLEMAN — CHILTON—At Goderich, on June 24, Edward Costello Coleman to Elizabeth Brent Chilton.

McARTHUR—HEASLIP—At Thorold, on June 24, Geo. E. McArthur to Eva Heaslip.

CRAWFORD—BREAKEY—At Chaudiere Mills, Quebec, on June 22, William Laurie Crawford of Toronto to Minnie Breakey.

### Deaths.

KUPITZ—At Toronto, on June 25, Frederick T. Kupitz, aged 10 years.

MOORE—At Toronto, on June 25, Mrs. James Moore of Albion, aged 67 years.

SANSON—At Toronto, on June 25, Marion Dallas Sanson, aged 41 years.

TAYLOR—At Whitby, on June 24, Mrs. H. B. Taylor.

THOMAS—At Toronto, on June 24, Fred C. Thomas.

YOUNG—At Toronto, on June 25, Wilhimena Young.

COUPLAND—At Toronto, on June 23, Thomas Coupland, aged 76 years.

GROVES—At Toronto, on June 23, Rev. Frederick I. S. Groves, aged 79 years.

GILLY—At Toronto, on June 23, Theresa Gilly, aged 34 years.

MATHIE—At Toronto, on June 24, William Mathie, aged 67 years.

USSHER—At Sweet Springs, Mo., Elizabeth Ussher of Kansas City, Mo.

BATEMAN—At Toronto, on June 29, James Bateman, aged 60 years.

CRUSO—At Cobourg, Sarah Cruso, aged 93 years.

GANDER—Drowned, at Windermere, Muskoka, on June 23, John Gander, aged 45 years.

MacCALLUM—At Toronto, on June 29, Rev. Joseph Wesley MacCallum, aged 72 years.

HORETZKY—At Toronto, Eng., on June 26, Mrs. Felix Horetzky, aged 77 years.

SNIDER—At Salmy Beach, on June 27, Arthur Snider, aged 17 years.

STEEN—At Farran's Point, Ont., on June 23, Henrietta Steen.

WESTNEY—At Scarboro', on June 24, William Westney, aged 79 years.

BRYDGES—At Boulthbrooke, Radnorshire, Wales, Sir Hanford J. Brydges.

LAWRIE—At Vaughan, on June 26, Mrs. John Lawrie, aged 83 years.

CATTANACH—At Toronto, on June 26, Jessie Cattanach, aged 76 years.

GILLESPIE—At Toronto, Mrs. George E. Gillespie, aged 36 years.

Forewarned

Improper food is largely responsible for the increased infant mortality in hot weather. Nestle's Milk Food is universally recognized by medical authorities as the best summer diet. (Consult your family physician.) Do not continue giving your little one improper food until it is stricken with summer complaint; but begin at once the use of Nestle's Milk Food, and when the heated term comes your child will be strong for the battle with the heat. To any mother sending her address, and mentioning this paper, we will send samples and description of Nestle's Food.

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Special Programme for July & August Meetings
1, 2 and 3 July and 5, 6 and 7 August
ENTRANCE FEES 7½ PER CENT.
FIRST DAY—Three minute class, purse $300. Free for all, trot, purse $300. Free for all, pace, purse $300.
SECOND DAY—2 40 class, purse $300. 2.32 class, pace and trot, purse $300. 2.50 class, purse $300
THIRD DAY—2 34 class, purse $300. 2.30 class, purse $300. 2 45 class, pace and trot, purse $300 2 40 class, pace and trot, purse $300. Free for all, trot and pace, purse $300.
The above programme will be continued for July and August. Entries close June 15 for July meeting; July 15 for August meeting. Races will start at 2 p.m., each day. Admission to grounds 50c.; vehicles 50c.; children 25c.; ladies free. Entrance fees 7½ p. c., payable on dates when entries close for each meeting. Horses eligible May 24, 1891, for July and August. All moneys divided 50 p. c., 25 p. c., 15 p. c., 10 p. c. A horse distancing the field or any part thereof to receive fir 1 money. Only the right to go spone reserved on account of bad weather or other causes. In other respects the rules of the American Association to govern. All entries must be addressed as below, and none will be received unless accompanied by the entrance fees above provided. The Dufferin Park can be reached by the Queen and Brockton, College, Dovercourt and Bloor Street cars. J. S. CHARLES, Prop.,
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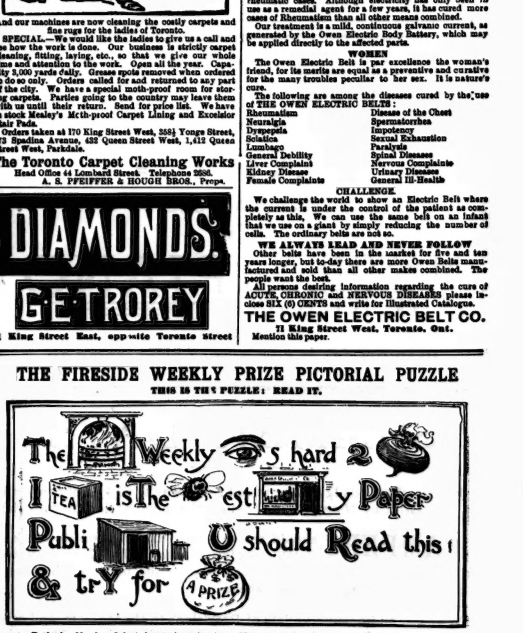
## THE FIRESIDE WEEKLY PRIZE PICTORIAL PUZZLE

THIS IS THE PUZZLE: READ IT.




Beginning Monday, July 6, $400 00 in cash prizes will be given away every week, divided as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| FIRST PRIZE | $100 | FOUR NEXT, $25 EACH | $100 |
| TWO NEXT, $50 EACH | 100 | TWENTY NEXT, $5 EACH | 100 |

The first prize will be given to the first correct answer to our Pictorial Puzzle as above, which is received by mail at the office of the FIRESIDE WEEKLY on each and every Monday during July and August, the second prize to the following one, and so on. To every fifth correct answer during the whole time of the competition from first to last a prize of a handsome Silver Biscuit Pail will be given, valued at $5, and which cannot be purchased retail for less than that amount. Notification will be sent to the lucky subscribers during the same week that their subscriptions and solutions are received, and the prizes will be forwarded forthwith.

Conditions of the Contest:—Our Pictorial Puzzle must be correctly read to secure a prize, and $1 for six months' subscription must accompany each solution. The subscriptions and solutions must be sent by mail, so that one locality may not have any advantage over another. If you wish to see a sample copy buy one from your newsdealer, or send for to the office and a copy will be sent you by return mail.

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